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N°. LVI.

OXBERRY'S

NEW

English Drama.

THE

WHEEL OF FORTUNE,

A PLAY;

By R. Cumberland.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY,—COURT-STREET:
A. T. GOODRICH & CO. NEW-YORK.

1823.

Plays

CONTAINED IN THIS EDITION, AS FAR AS YET PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND.

No. 1 A New Way to Pay Old Debts.
2 Rivals.
3 West Indian.
4 Hypocrite.
5 Jealous Wife.
6 She Stoops to Conquer.
7 Richard III.
8 Beggar's Opera.
9 Wonder.
10 Duenna.
11 Alexander the Great.
12 Lionel and Clarissa.
13 Hamlet.
14 Venice Preserved.
15 Is He Jealous? *
16 Woodman's Hut. *
17 Love in a Village.
18 Way to Keep Him.
19 Castle Spectre.
20 Maid of the Mill.
21 Clandestine Marriage.
22 Soldier's Daughter.
23 Othello.
24 Distressed Mother.
25 Provoked Husband.
26 Deaf and Dumb.
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28 Belle's Stratagem.
29 Romeo and Juliet.
30 Recruiting Officer.
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32 Road to Ruin.
33 Beaux' Stratagem.
34 As you Like It.
35 King John.
36 Country Girl.
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38 Critic. *
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40 Rosina. *
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42 Honest Thieves. *
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44 Merry Wives of Windsor.
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46 Three Weeks after Marriage. *
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49 Shipwreck. *
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51 Wild Oats.
52 Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.
53 Magpie. *
54 Quaker. *
55 Merchant of Venice
56 Wheel of Fortune.
57 Rob Roy.
58 Citizen. *
59 Deserter. *
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61 Guy Mannering.
62 Cymbeline.
63 Lying Valet. *
64 Twelfth Night.
65 The Confederacy.
66 Douglas.
67 Who's the Dupe? *
68 Know Your own Mind.

☞ *Those marked thus * are Farces or Melo-drames; the prices of which are 20 cents; the Plays and Operas 25 cents.*

Oxberry's Edition.

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1545

THE

WHEEL OF FORTUNE,

A COMEDY;

By Richard Cumberland.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, *Comedian.*

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET:
A. T. GOODRICH & CO.—NEW-YORK.

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Remarks.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

It has been said, and generally believed, that the Penruddock of this comedy is borrowed from the Stranger. This belief, however, stands upon very poor foundations, not to mention the great difficulty of holding the balance between Cumberland and such a determined plagiarist as Kotzebue. The German dramatist was very often wont to plume himself in feathers picked up from the English songsters, and always without saying one word of the matter. Most of his French loans he had the honesty to acknowledge, but he was by no means equally honest toward his English neighbours; these he plundered without ceremony, and truth to say, the enormous catalogue of his works would dwindle into a very moderate compass, if each of the plundered parties could rise to claim his own from this *indigesta moles*. In the present instance, we have no doubt it will be found that even the Stranger is of English origin, though we are willing, most willing, to allow that the morality and superstructure are purely German. No English Dramatist—Heaven be thanked therefor—would have the impudence to come forward as the avowed advocate of adultery; we are pretty far gone in

iniquity, but not quite so far as that: what we may come to is another question, and one that we should be loth to argue.

In regard to Cumberland's supposed plagiarism from the Stranger, it is difficult to conceive how such a thing could be; Cumberland did not understand a syllable of German; but then, say his accusers, he read an English Review of Menschenhass and Reüe, Kotzebue's Stranger. But where is this Review? Who has ever seen it? Of the many who have told this idle tale, not one has thought proper to name the Review, a point of the first importance to the argument, for it was not until very lately that German literature has been at all considered in this country; the knowledge of that language, in our author's time, was as rare an acquisition, as the study of Danish in the present, and the few who were possessed of the treasure, were not men the most likely to waste it in a Review. Besides, is there no play in our own language, to which the Wheel of Fortune, or rather its principal character, Penruddock, bears a decided resemblance, or at least a much closer resemblance than to the Stranger. Each of these personages is a misanthrope it is true; but there the resemblance ends; their misanthropy springs from different causes, acts upon different characters, and produces different effects. Is it not probable that Cumberland, who was so fond of Shakspeare's Timon of Athens, that he laboured to adapt it to the stage, borrowed his Penruddock from the Athenian misanthropist? Are not the points of similitude much more glaring than between the Wheel of Fortune and Misanthropy and Repentance? For our own parts we do not feel the least doubt of this, and are equally convinced that Kotzebue borrowed from the same source, but, as adultery happened to be the favourite theme of Germany at that

time, it came naturally to his aid to disguise the plagiarism. It is not a little singular that the great Schiller also had been led to the same subject, though he did not live to finish his design; the fragment has been printed.

The Wheel of Fortune is far from being the best, though it is the most pleasing of Cumberland's comedies; the characters are dressed out in all those virtues which an audience is most prone to admire; a boundless generosity is the magnet which attracts the spectator to every one;—Sydenham is generous, Emily is generous, the Governor is generous, nay Penruddock, the last person to be suspected of such a feeling, ends by being prodigiously generous. It is true, this is not very like the real world, but it is very agreeable notwithstanding. It is scarcely possible not to be interested in this worthy family, though for his own fame, it had perhaps been better if Cumberland had been a little more frugal of his virtues, for his extravagance on this head always passed the bounds of reason; even his villains turn out as good as the honest characters of other writers. In the present play for instance, Woodville, with all his faults, is generous enough to take a long journey, for the express purpose of being shot by the friend he had injured; though, to be sure, he is not troubled with this generous whim, till he has lost every thing, is ashamed to face his wife and son, and has nothing left worth living for.

Too much can not be said in praise of the plot; it is simple, yet highly interesting, and that interest increases with the progress of the play. The dialogue is elegant and playful, and sometimes, though not frequently, it rises to wit or humour; in fact, it is the language of life, and as such, deserves the praise of being natural, whatever may be the value of that praise. Though less brilliant, we

should prefer it to the West Indian; there is more facility about it; more reality too in the characters, and, though it is no very orthodox faith, we can not help saying it is a much more agreeable comedy than the West Indian.

Richard Cumberland was the son of Dr. Denison Cumberland, late Bishop of Kilmore, in Ireland, by Joanna, youngest daughter of the celebrated Dr. Bentley, (a lady on whom the well-known pastoral of Phœbe, by Dr. Byrom, printed in the Spectator, No. 603, was written), and great-grandson of Dr. Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough.

He was born February 19, 1732, in the master's lodge of Trinity College, Cambridge, under the roof of his grandfather Bentley, in what is called the Judge's Chamber. When turned of six years of age, he was sent to the school of Bury St. Edmund's; whence he was in due time transplanted to Westminster. At the age of fourteen, Mr. C. was admitted of Trinity College, Cambridge; whence, after a long and assiduous course of study, he launched into the great world, and became a private confidential secretary to Lord Halifax, then at the head of the Board of Trade; which situation he held with great credit to himself, till his Lordship went out of office.

Soon after this, he obtained the lay fellowship of Trinity College, vacant by the death of Mr. Titley, the Danish Envoy. This fellowship, however, he did not hold long; for, on obtaining, through the patronage of Lord Halifax, a small establishment as crown agent for the province of Nova Scotia, he married Elizabeth, only daughter of George Ridge, Esq. of Kilmiston, in Hampshire, in whose family he had long been intimate.

When Lord Halifax returned to administration, and was appointed, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Mr. C. went with

him to that country as under-secretary; his father, as one of his chaplains; and his brother-in-law, Captain William Ridge, as one of his aides-du-camp.

Before Lord Halifax quitted Ireland to become Secretary of State Mr. Cumberland's father had been made Bishop of Clonfert, and Mr. Cumberland himself, who had declined a baronetcy which had been offered him by his patron, came to England with his Lordship, and was appointed, we believe, to the situation of assistant secretary to the Board of Trade.

About the end of the year 1771, the Bishop of Clonfert was translated to Kilmore; which see, however, he held not long, being translated by death to a better world; to which he was followed by his lady in June, 1775.

The accession of Lord George Germaine to the seals for the colonial department, promoted Mr. Cumberland from a subaltern at the Board of Trade to the post of secretary.

In the year 1780 he was sent on a secret and confidential mission to the court of Spain; and it is reported, that his embassy would have been successful, but for the riots in London, and the capture of our East and West India fleets, which inspired the Spaniards with more confidence than they had before possessed. In this mission Mr. Cumberland necessarily incurred great expenses; and he was cruelly neglected by ministers after the conclusion of his negociation. It was, however, during his residence in that country that he collected the *Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain*, which he afterwards published.

By the provisions of Mr. Burke's well-known bill, the board of Trade was annihilated, and Mr. Cumberland was set adrift with a compensation of scarcely a moiety in value of what he had been deprived of. He now retired with his family, to Tunbridge Wells, where he continued

to reside, universally respected. He died at the house of his friend, Mr. Henry Fry, in Bedford Place, Russell Square, on the 7th of May, 1811, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, on the 14th, in Poet's Corner, near the shrine of Garrick.

Of his dramatic works we annex what we believe to be a correct list:—

1. The Banishment of Cicero, *T.* 4to. 1761.—2. The Summer's Tale, *M.C.* 8vo. 1765.—3. Amelia, *M.E.* 8vo. 1768.—4. The Brothers, *C.* 8vo. 1769.—5. The West Indian, *C.* 8vo. 1771.—6. Amelia, *M.E.* Altered. 8vo. 1771.—7. Timon of Athens, *T.* altered. 8vo. 1771.—8. The Fashionable Lover, *C.* 8vo. 1772.—9. The Note of Hand, *F.* 8vo. 1774.—10. The Choleric Man, *C.* 8vo. 1775.—11. The Battle of Hastings, *T.* 8vo. 1778.—12. The Princess of Parma, *T.* 1778. N.P.—13. The Election, *Ent.* 1778. N.P.—14. Calypso, *M.* 8vo. 1779.—15. The Bondman, *T.C.* Altered. 1779. N.P.—16. The Duke of Milan, *T.* Altered. 1779. N.P.—17. The Widow of Delphi, *M.C.* (Songs only printed) 8vo. 1780.—18. The Walloons, *C.* 1782. N.P.—19. Mysterious Husband, *P.* 8vo. 1783.—20. The Carmelite, *T.* 8vo. 1784.—21. Natural Son, *C.* 8vo. 1785.—22. The Arab, *T.* 1785. N.P.—23. The Country Attorney, *C.* 1787. N.P.—24. The Impostor, *C.* 8vo. 1789.—25. School for Widows, *C.* 1789. N.P.—26. Occasional Prelude, 1792. N.P.—27. The Armourer, *C.O.* 1793. N.P.—28. The Boxlobbey Challenge, *C.* 8vo. No date. [1794.]—29. The Jew, *C.* 8vo. 1794.—30. Wheel of Fortune, *C.* 8vo. 1795.—31. First Love, *C.* 8vo. 1795.—32. The Dependant, *C.* 1795. N.P.—33. Don Pedro, *D.* 8vo. 1796.—34. The Days of Yore, *D.* 8vo. 1796.—35. The Last of the Family, *C.* 8vo. 1797.—36. False Impressions, *C.* 8vo. 1797.—37. Village Fête, *Int.* 1797. N.P. (Ascribed to him by report.)—38.

The Clouds, *C.* 8vo. N.P. [1797.]—39. The Eccentric Lover, *C.* 1798. N.P.—40. A Word for Nature, *C.* 1798. N.P.—41. Joanna of Montfaucon, *D.R.* 8vo. 1800.—42. Lovers' Resolutions, *C.* 1802. N.P.—43. Sailor's Daughter, *C.* 8vo. 1804.—44. Victory and Death of Lord Nelson, *M.D.P.* 1805. N.P.—45. Hint to Husbands, *C.* 8vo. 1806.—46. The Jew of Mogadore, *O.* 8vo. 1808.—47. Robber, *D.P.* 1809. N.P.—48. Widow's only Son, *C.* 1810. N.P.—49. Alcanor, *P.* N.P.—50. The False Demetrius, *P.* N.P.—51. Passive Husband, *P.* N.P.—52. The Sybil; [Sibyl] Or, The Elder Brutus, *P.* N.P.—53. Tiberius in Capreæ, *P.* N.P.—54. Torrendal, *T.* N.P.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is two hours and twenty-seven minutes. The first act occupies the space of twenty-eight minutes;—the second, twenty-eight;—the third, thirty-three;—the fourth, thirty-three; and the fifth, twenty-five. The half-price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. - - - - - is meant - - - - - Right Hand.
L.H. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Left Hand.
S.E. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Second Entrance.
U.E. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Upper Entrance.
M.D. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Middle Door.
D.F. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Door in Flat.
R.H.D. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Left Hand Door.

Prologue.

SPOKEN BY MR. PALMER.

A FARMER late, (so country records say,)
From the next market homewards took his way;
When as the bleak unsheltered heath he cross'd,
Fast bound by winter in obdurate frost,
The driving snow-storm smote him in his course,
High blow'd the North, and rag'd in all its force;
Slow-pac'd, and full of years, th' unequal strife
Long time he held, and struggled hard for life;
Vanquish'd at length, benumb'd in every part,
The very life-blood curdling at his heart,
Torpid he stood, in frozen fetters bound,
Doz'd, reel'd, and dropt expiring to the ground.
Haply his dog, by wond'rous instinct fraught
With all the reas'ning attributes of thought,
Saw his sad state, and to his dying breast
Close cow'ring, his devoted body press'd;
Then howl'd amain for help, till passing near,
Some charitable rustic lent an ear,
Rais'd him from earth, recall'd his flitting breath,
And snatch'd him from the icy arms of death.
So, when the chilling blast of secret woe
Checks the soul's genial current in its flow—

When death-like lethargy arrests the mind,
Till man forgets all feeling for his kind,
To his cold heart the friendly Muse can give
Warmth and a pulse that forces him to live;
By the sweet magic of her scene beguile,
And bend his rigid muscles to a smile,
Shake his stern breast with sympathetic fears,
And make his frozen eyelids melt in tears,
Pursuing still her life-restoring plan,
Till he perceives and owns himself a man.
Warm'd with these hopes, this night we make appeal
To British hearts—for they are hearts that feel.

Epilogue.

SPOKEN BY MISS FARREN.

THERE are—what shall I call them?—two great Powers,
Who turn and overturn this world of ours,
Fortune and Folly.—Tho' not quite the same
In property, they play each other's game;
Fortune makes poor men rich, then turns them o'er
To Folly, who soon strips them of their store.
——Oh! 'twas a mighty neat and lucky hit,
When Pat O'Leary snapt a wealthy cit;
For why?—his wants were big, his means were small,
His wisdom less, and so he spent his all:
When fortune turn'd about, and jilted Pat,
Was Fool or Fortune in the fault of that?
Sir Martin Madcap held the lucky dice,
He threw, and won five thousand in a trice.
Keep it! cried Caution—No, he threw again,
Kick'd down the five, and *cut* with minus ten.
Giles Jumble and his dame, a loving pair,
No brains had either, and of course no care;
'Till (woe the day!) when Fortune in her spite,
Made Giles High Sheriff, and they dubb'd him Knight.
Up they both go; my Lady leads the dance,
Sir Giles cuts capers on the wheel of Chance;
Heads down, heels over, whirl'd and whisk'd about,
No wonder if their shallow wits ran out;

Gigg'd by their neighbours, gull'd of all their cash,
Down comes Sir Giles and Co. with thund'ring crash.
Who says that Fortune's blind? she has quicker sight
Than most of those on whom her favours light;
For why does she enrich the weak and vain,
But that her ventures may come home again?
Pass'd thro' like quicksilver, they lose no weight
Nor value in their loco-motive state;
No stop, no stay; so fast her clients follow,
Ere one mouth shuts, another gapes to swallow;
Whilst, like a conjuror's ball—presto! be gone!
The pill that serv'd Sir Giles, now serves Sir John.
"Sir Eustace had a fair and lovely wife,
Form'd to adorn and bless the nuptial life,
Fortune's best gift in her best giving mood,
Sir Eustace made that bad which Heav'n made good,
Basely allur'd her into Folly's course,
Then curs'd his fate, and sued out a divorce.
Unjust, at Fortune's cruelty to rail,
When we make all the miseries we bewail."
Ah! generous patrons, on whose breath depends
The fortune of the Muse, and us, her friends,
If, in your grace, this night you shall bestow
One sprig of laurel for your poet's brow,
Impart to me your flattering commands,
And sign them with the plaudit of your hands.

Costume.

SIR DAVID DAW.

Green jacket, white waistcoat, and buff breeches.

TEMPEST.

Blue regimental coat, white waistcoat and breeches.

PENRUDDOCK.

Mixed grey coat, scarlet waistcoat, and cord breeches.

WOODVILLE.

Blue coat, white waistcoat, and buff breeches.

SYDENHAM.

Green coat, white waistcoat, and buff pantaloons.

HENRY WOODVILLE.

Blue regimental coat, white waistcoat, pantaloons, and boots.

WEAZEL.

Suit of black cloth.

JENKINS.

Ibid.

SERVANTS.

Different coloured liveries.

MRS. WOODVILLE.

Lead-coloured satin dress.

EMILY TEMPEST.

Pink satin body, leno petticoat, trimmed with lace and ribbon.

DAME DUNCKLEY.

Brown stuff gown, blue petticoat, white handkerchief and apron, black bonnet and cloak.

MAID.

Blue and white cotton gown, red stuff petticoat, and muslin apron.

Persons Represented.

	Original Cast at Drury Lane.	1816. Drury Lane.	1817. Covent Garden.
Sir David Daw	Mr. R Palmer.	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Farley.
Tempest	Mr. King.	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. Terry.
Penruddock	Mr. Kemble.	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Kemble.
Woodville	Mr. Whitfield.	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Murray.
Sydenham	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Rae.	Mr Barrymore.
Henry Woodville	Mr. C. Kemble.	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. Abbott.
Weazel	Mr Suett.	Mr Knight.	Mr Blanchard.
Woodville's Servant	Mr. Waldron	Mr. Chatterley.	Mr. Atkins.
Attendant in the House of Woodville	Mr. Phillimore.	Mr. Fisher.	Mr. King.
Jenkins	Mr. Bland.	Mr J. West.	Mr. Treby.
Livery Servant	Mr Trueman.	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Menage.
Servants of Sir Geo. Penruddock	Mr. Maddocks. Mr. Banks. Mr. Evans. Mr Fisher. Mr. Lyons.		
Servant to Tempest	Mr. Webb.		
Mrs. Woodville	Mrs. Powell.	Mrs. Brereton.	Mrs. Egerton.
Emily Tempest	Miss Farren.	Mrs. Davison.	Miss Foote.
Dame Dunckley	Mrs. Maddocks.	Mrs. Maddocks.	Mrs. Whitmore.
Maid of the Lodging	Miss Tidswell.	Mrs. Chatterley.	Mrs. Sexton.

Scene for the First Act, Penruddock's Cottage: for the rest, in London.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Cottage of Penruddock,* L.H.S.E. *seated in a groupe of trees, with a Forest Scene of wood and heath.*

Enter WEAZEL, R.H.S.E. *in a travelling dress.*

Wea. Was ever gentle traveller, since the days of Robinson Crusoe, so put to his shifts, as I Timothy Weazel, attorney at law? I have lost my guide, my guide has lost himself, and my horse has absconded, with bridle, saddle, and all his shoes, save one he left behind him in a slough. I saw a fellow setting springs for woodcocks, and show'd him signals of distress; but the carle ran off at the sight of me, and vanish'd like a Jack o'lantern. If I understood the language of birds, there is not one within call to answer to a question; the creatures have got wings, and are too wise to stay in such a place. —Hold, hold! I see a hut, or a hovel, or a Laplander's lodge: and here comes one hobbling upon two shanks and a crutch, a proper sample

of the soil she withers in—Holloa! Dame, do you hear? Give me a word with you, if your senses can afford it.

Enter DAME DUNCKLEY, R.H.

Dame. What would you have with me? What is your business here?

Wea. You're right, it must be business; nobody would come here for pleasure.

Dame. No, nor is this a house of call for travellers.

Wea. That I can believe, if you are the representative of it; that is, I may say, *luce clarius.*

Dame. There's no such person here, so you may go your ways, before my master sends you packing.

Wea. You have a master, have you? Call him out then, and let him direct me in my road to Roderick Penruddock, Esquire, and I'll reward him for his pains.

Dame. You'll reward my master! Saucy companion! If Roderick Penruddock is the gentleman you want, you need not go any further—there he lives.

Wea. What do you say? Penruddock in that cottage!

Dame. Why not? Will you face me out, who have liv'd with him these twenty years? And what if it be but a cottage? Content is every thing; my good master is not proud.

Wea. Melancholy, I should think, if a constant memorandum of morality can make him so. —He was cross'd in love in his younger days.

Dame. That I know nothing of.

Wea. I don't say you was in the fault of it.

Dame. He is a man of few words, to be sure; but then he has a world of learning in his head; everlastingly at his books.

Wea. Is he at 'em now?

Dame. Deep, not to be approach'd.

Wea. And alone?

Dame. To be sure: I never disturb him in his hours of study; at every other time he's kind and gentle as the dew of heaven.

Wea. What am I to do then, who have come some hundred miles upon his business?

Dame. Even what you please, sir. I'm sure it is no business of mine, and I'll have nothing to do with it. (*Steps aside*, R.H.)

Wea. Well, if he will not welcome the good news I bring him, he must be a philosopher indeed. I'll begin my approaches cautiously, however—the door is fast—I'll touch it tenderly. (*Knocks at Penruddock's cottage with his whip.*) Within there! Who's at home?—Silence and famine, I should guess, for nothing stirs.

Dame. (*From aside.*) Go on, go on. By the living, my fine spark, I would not be in your place for a little. [*Exit*, R.H.S.E.

Wea. Not yet? This will never do. Good fortune may be warranted to rap a little louder. —What, hoa! Within, I say!—Will nobody hear me? (*Penruddock opens the casement.*)

Pen. I hear you. What is it you want?

Wea. With your leave, I want a few words with you.

Pen. Send 'em in at the window then, and the fewer the better.

Wea. I bring you news out of Cornwall; news of great consequence.

Pen. Who are you, and what are you?

Wea. Timothy Weazel, of Lestwithiel, attorney at law, and agent to Sir George Penruddock: let me into your house.

Pen. An attorney! Keep on the outside of it, if you please; I'll deal with you in the open air. (*Shuts the casement.*)

Wea. Here's a surly humour; here's a pretty freak of Fortune, to pile bags of money on the back of an ass, who only kicks against the burthen; I warrant, if the sky rain'd gold, this churl would not hold out his dish to catch it; but we shall soon see what stuff his philosophy is made of; good chance if I don't shake his metaphysics out of him ere long. (*Penruddock appears at the cottage door.*) O ho! I've bolted him, however.—Zooks! what a heathen philosopher it is.

Pen. Now, Mr. Attorney, what have you to say, for thus disturbing my whole family? What have I done, or the poor cat, my peaceable companion, that thus the boisterous knuckles of the law should mar our meditations?

Wea. Truly, sir, I was compelled to make some little noise; your castle is but small—

Pen. It's big enough for my ambition.

Wea. And passing solitary.

Pen. I wish you had suffer'd it to be silent too.

Wea. In faith, sir, if I knew how to be heard without a sound, I would gratify your wish: but if your silence suffers by my news, I hope your happiness will not.

Pen. Happiness! What's that? I am content, I enjoy tranquillity; Heaven be thank'd, I have nothing to do with happiness.

Wea. There you are beyond me, sir. If an humble fortune and this poor cottage give you content, perhaps great riches and a splendid house wou'd not add to it.

Pen. Explain your meaning, friend: I don't understand you.

Wea. In plain terms, then, you are to know, that your rich relation, Sir George Penruddock, is deceas'd.

Pen. Dead!

Wea. Defunct; gone to his ancestors; whipp'd away by the sudden stroke of an apoplexy; this moment here, Heaven knows where the next: Death will do it when he likes, and how he likes; I need not remind you, sir, who are so learned a philosopher, how frail is the tenure of mortality.

Pen. You need not, indeed: if Sir George thought as seriously of death before it happened, it may have been well for him; but his thoughts, I fear, were otherwise employed.

Wea. I much doubt if he ever thought at all; he was a fine gentleman, and lived freely.

Pen. No wonder then he died suddenly—but how does this apply to me?

Wea. No otherwise than as you are the heir of every thing he possess'd: I have the will in safe keeping about me!

Pen. Have patience; this is somewhat sudden; I am unprepared for such an event; 'twas never in my contemplation: I was in no habits with Sir George, never courted him, never corresponded with him; the small annuity, 'tis true, on which I have subsisted, was charg'd on his estate, and regularly paid, but here he never came; man cou'd not be more opposite to man; he worshipped Fortune, I despised her; I studied closely, he gam'd incessantly.

Wea. And won abundantly—if money be your passion, you'll find plenty of it.

Pen. What should I do with money?

Wea. Money indeed!—why, money is—in short, what is it not.

Pen. Not health, methinks, not life—for he that had it died.

Wea. But you that have it live—and is there nothing that can tempt you? Recollect—books—money will buy books; nay more, it will buy those who write them.

Pen. It will so.

Wea. 'Twill purchase panegyrics, odes, and dedications—

Pen. I can't gainsay it.

Wea. House, table, equipage, attendants—

Pen. I have all those: what else?

Wea. Ah, sir, you surely can't forget there are such things in this world as beauty, love, irresistible woman—(*Dame Dunckley crosses the stage, from* R.H.S.E. *and goes into the cottage.*)

Pen. I keep a woman; she visits me every day, makes my bed, sweeps my house, cooks my dinner, and is seventy years of age—yet I resist her.

Wea. I could say something to that, but I am afraid it will offend you.

Pen. Say on boldly; never fear me.

Wea. Why truly, sir, I find you of a very different temper from what I expected: I should doubt if your philosophy has made you insensible; I am sure it has not made you proud.

Pen. I am as proud in my nature as any man ought to be, but surely as humble as any man can be.

Wea. Suffer me then to ask you if there is not a certain lady living, Arabella Woodville by name, whom you once thought irresistible.

Pen. Who told you this? how came you thus to strike upon a name, that twenty years of solitude have not effac'd?

Wea. Because I would prepare you for a task, that with the fortune you inherit must devolve upon you. The interests of this lady, perhaps even her existence, are now in your hands. When I shall deliver the deeds bequeath'd to you by your cousin, I shall arm you with the means of extinguishing the wretched Woodville at a blow.

Pen. What is it you tell me? Have a care how you reverse my nature with a word. Woodville in my power! Woodville at my mercy! If there's a man on earth, that can inspire me with revenge, it is that treacherous, base, deceitful rival. I was in his power, for I lov'd him—he betray'd me;—I was at his mercy, for I trusted him—he destroy'd me.

Wea. Now then you'll own that money can give something, for it gives revenge.

Pen. Come on, my mind is made up to this fortune; to the extremest atom I'll exact it all: the miser's passion seizes on my heart, and money, which I held as dirt is now my deity.

[*Exeunt into the Cottage.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter WOODVILLE, L.H. *followed by his* SERVANT.

Wood. Go, go, begone!—Why do you follow me?

Serv. I pray you, Sir, don't dismiss the chaise in this wild place; let it convey you to the next town, and then pursue your journey as you please.

Wood. Don't talk to me, don't trouble me; my journey's at an end.

Serv. You have been up all night: your mind and body both require some rest.

Wood. What if they do! can you administer to agonies like mine? How dare you thus intrude? by what authority have you, my servant, made yourself a spy upon my actions?

Serv. By no authority, but that of my affection and good-will: you have been kind to me in your prosperity, ought I to desert you in adversity? Indeed, indeed, sir, I can't leave you here alone.

Wood. Foolish, officious fellow, I perceive you think I have lost my senses; no, I possess them clearly: I know both where I am and what I have to do—had I designs against myself, you could not hinder them; but I have none; 'tis not my own life but your's that is in danger, unless you instantly depart. Look! here is your dismission—I am resolute to be obey'd.

(*Draws a pistol.*)

Serv. Take my life; fire when you please; I am not afraid of dying.

Enter SYDENHAM, L.H.

Syd. Woodville, what ails you? are you mad? do you fight duels with your own servant?

(*Crosses to Woodville.*)

Wood. Duels!—

Syd. You're right: I see he is not armed. What the devil and all his doings possesses you to point your pistol at a naked man? If you consider him as your equal, give him the fellow to it; if you would punish him as your servant, turn him away.

Wood. But he will not be turn'd away.

Serv. Not whilst it was my duty to stay by you; now Mr. Sydenham is come, I will intrude no longer. [*Exit*, L.H.

Syd. Harry Woodville, are you in your senses to act in this manner?

Wood. Are you not out of your's, to come thus far to ask me such a question?

Syd. Perhaps I am, but there's no reasoning about friendship; when I see a fellow, whom I love, throw away his happiness, game away his fortune, and then run from the ruin he has made, I have a foolish nature about me, that in spite of all his phrenzy will run after him; and tho' he may break loose from all the world beside, damn me if he shall shake off me, tho' he had twenty pistols in his reach, and I not one in mine.

Wood. Your friendship, Mr. Sydenham, is not wanted at this moment, and give me leave to say it is unwelcome.

Syd. Very likely; I care little about the welcome that you give me, as I am not quite sure you are the man I was in search of: my friend was a gentleman, tho' an unwise one; he would hear reason, though he was unapt to follow it; above all things he was not that frantic desperado, as to turn his pistol either against his servant or himself.

Wood. Well, Sir, my pistol is put up—now what have you to say to me?

Syd. I don't know if I shall say any thing to you; certainly nothing to sooth you. It is not because a man has pistols in his pocket, that he is formidable, or that I should flatter him: every fellow, that has not spirit to face misfortune, may be his own assassin; every wretch, who

has lost all feelings of humanity, may commit a murder on his fellow creature.

Wood. You are very bitter: what would you have me do?

Syd. Return to your afflicted wife.

Wood. That I can never do; my home is horrible, nor am I in possession of a home; Penruddock's myrmidons are in my house; besides, there's worse than that, my son is come to England, Henry will be upon me, and to meet his gallant injur'd presence would be worse than death.

Syd. I wish you had reflected on that horror, whilst there was time to have prevented it.—If fathers, whilst their son's are bleeding in their country's battles, will hurl the fatal dice and stake their fortunes on the cast, alas for their posterity!

Wood. Why urge that dreadful truth? You have no son, you are no gamester.

Syd. No matter, tho' I never gam'd myself, my friends did, and I have lost them: who has more cause to curse his luck than I have?

Wood. Have you now vented all your spleen, and will you leave me?

Syd. I am not sure: tell me what plan you are upon; why are you rambling on this heath?

Wood. I'll tell you that at once—Sir George Penruddock, my chief creditor, is dead; he has bequeath'd his fortune to his cousin Roderick of that name. This man inhabits a small tenement here close at hand; a strange sequester'd creature, burying himself amongst his books, disgust-

ed with he world, and probably a perfect misanthrope.—

Syd. I've heard of him; go on.

Wood. This Roderick and I were school-fellows, studied together at the university, travell'd together thro' most parts of Europe: and were inseparable friends, till by evil chance, we become rivals in love: I obtained Mrs. Woodville's hand and married her; he was excluded and renounced society: this man, the bitterest enemy I have, is now the master of my fate.

Syd. Then I conclude those pistols are for him.

Wood. I do not quite say that; he shall have a fair alternative.

Syd. I much doubt if any thing can be fair, when one party has just gained a fortune, and the other lost one; however, if you mean it should be fair, take me with you; whether you shake hands or exchange shots, I will see justice done on both sides; for I will be bold to aver, there never yet was an affair, in which I had the honor to be either principal or second, where equity was not as strictly administered, as if my Lord Chancellor had decreed it from the bench.

Wood. Be it so then, if so it must be: Come with me to this newly-enriched cottager, and if I fail in this last effort, I exact from you an honorable secrecy and an immediate secession.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.

SCENE III.—*Outside of Penruddock's Cottage.*

Enter PENRUDDOCK *and* WEAZEL *from the Cottage.*

Pen. Pray leave me, sir. Return to your papers if you please. I would be alone a moment.

Wea. Very well, sir,—it's very well—I only wanted just to explain. [*Exit into the Cottage.*

Pen. This property's immense. Woodville's proud house is mine; now that false friend is punish'd; all those scenes of gay prosperity, with which he caught the vain weak heart of Arabella, are suddenly reversed, and just retaliation, not less terrible because so tardy, surprizes him at last. Farewell, my cottage! scene of my past content, I thank thee: possessing nought but thee, I have not envied palaces: possessed of them, I have forsaken thee; such is man's fickle nature, in solitude a philosopher, wise in adversity, and only patient under injuries, till opportunity occurs to him of revenging them.

Enter WOODVILLE *and* SYDENHAM, R.H.

Wood. That's he; the very man.—Sir, let me hope I have happily encounter'd you; I believe I am addressing myself to Mr. Penruddock.

Pen. I am Penruddock.

Wood. Perhaps you have lost the recollection of my person.

Pen. I wish I had—You have left some traces

of it in my memory, Mr. Woodville ; and nothing is more opposite to my desires than to revive them.

Wood. That this would be my greeting I expected ; for, tho' I ever knew you to be just, yet in our earliest years, I thought I could discover dawnings of a relentless nature. If twenty years of calm reflection have passed away without assuaging your determin'd animosity, an opportunity is now before you of hatching that revenge which you have brooded on so long.

Pen. Pursue your own reflections, sir, and interrupt not mine. (*Going.*)

Syd. (*Crosses to Pen.*) Stop, if you please—I am no party in this conference, but as a common friend to every thing that wears the face of man : I can perceive you have been wronged, in times long past, by this gentleman ; so have I, recently and deeply wronged, inasmuch as he has abus'd my friendship, by ruining himself in defiance of my better counsel—What then ? he is sorry for it, and I forgive him ; he is in misery, and I pity him.

Pen. Well, sir, at your remonstrance I will stay ; only be pleas'd to let me know for whose sake I submit myself to Mr. Woodville's conversation ?

Syd. I am a very idle fellow, sir ; Sydenham my name ; one that has thrown away much good will upon his friends, without once practising your happy art of being unmov'd by their misfortunes.

Pen. Humph !—Mr. Woodville will proceed.

Wood. (*Crosses to Pen.*) If you, Mr. Penruddock, can find no motive to forgive the wrongs I did you in the matter of my marriage, I shall suggest none, neither will I offer one word in mitigation of those wrongs; they were as great as you believe them; greater, perhaps, than you are perfectly apprized of. In the first glow of your resentment you demanded satisfaction: in justice, I must own that your appeal was warranted, but I was then a happy man, with beauty in my arms, and fortune at my feet, and I evaded it. Now if your heat is not cool'd, and you still thirst for revenge, lo! I am ready; I have arms for both, fit to decide our quarrel, and an honourable friend competent to adjust it.

(*Produces pistols.*)

Syd. Fairly propos'd—if such is your pleasure, gentlemen both, I am perfectly at your disposal.

Pen. Give me the pistol: place your man where you like; this is my ground.

Syd. (*Crosses to Pen.*) Stop, sir, the forms of honour are not yet complete—Mr. Woodville, if I rightly understood you, you have an alternative to propose: if that be so, state it.

Pen. I have little disposition to bear any trifling.

Wood. Nor I to trifle; therefore no more of it! A woman's mediation can be of no avail: however, Mr. Sydenham, if I fall, give this to the survivor. (*Presents a packet.*)

Syd. Hah! Mrs. Woodville's hand!—this must not be rejected: an angel's mediation claims respect, and he must read it, or make his pas-

sage thro' my body, ere he shall approach you. —Woodville, disarm yourself. (*Takes his pistol.*) —Mr. Penruddock, this packet is address'd to you; take it; but first, if you please, give me your weapon, as he has done.—Now I maintain an armed neutrality.

(*Takes both pistols.—Crosses to* R.H.)

(*Penruddock withdraws aside, opens the packet, peruses it awhile, and then retires into his cottage; whilst this is passing, Sydenham speaks as follows.*)

Syd. It staggers him—he pauses; yet I perceive no change—he flies however, and we keep the field.—Do you know the purport of that paper?

Wood. I know nothing of its purport but by conjecture; 'twas written by Arabella since she heard of his accession to the fortune of Sir George, and probably contains a strong appeal to his feelings, founded upon past connections; I have reason to believe it chiefly points at my son, who has so long been a prisoner in France, and now at last has got his liberty upon exchange; but I dare say this churl is steel'd against humanity.

Syd. I know not what to think of him; that man's soul has no flow; impenetrable frost locks up its current: therefore be prepar'd.—And now, Harry, if you have any thing upon your mind to encharge me with, avail yourself of the moment, and impart it to me: the issue of these rencontres is uncertain.

Wood. Alas! I have been so improvident a husband, that I dare hardly send my last farewell to my much injur'd wife; so unjust a father, that I have scarce presumption to bequeath a blessing to my son. In temporal affairs I am so totally undone, and life is now so perfectly a blank, that he who takes it from me, takes what I am tired of; and I solemnly conjure my family never to stir the question of my death, nor prosecute the author of it.

(*Weazel speaks from the Cottage window.*)

Wea. Gentlemen, I am commanded by Mr. Penruddock to say that he is very particularly occupied, and declines any further explanation on the business of your visit: You will hear from him again.

Wood. At his own choice and leisure; so inform him.

Wea. Very well gentlemen! perhaps you don't know me.—My name is Timothy Weazel —I wish you a good day.

(*Shuts the window and retires.*)

Syd. Come, Woodville, we have thrown that cynic cur a bone, so let him gnaw it.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in Tempest's House.*

Enter TEMPEST *and* EMILY, L.H.

Tem. Go your ways, vanish out of my sight, for a graceless young hussey.—You know I love you, Emily, you know I do, dear as the eyes in my head, better than the heart in my body, and therefore you baffle and bamboozle and make a bumpkin of me: that's what you do: you see I am a damn'd fond forgiving old fool, and you impose upon my good nature.

Emily. No very hard task, I should hope. Only call upon you now and then for a few grains of charitable patience.

Tem Grains of charitable nonsense, grains of hypocritical impertinence: what business have you to make any calls upon me that you know I can't answer? I have no such thing as patience about me, no such dull mechanical property belonging to me; never had, never will have, never wish to have.

Emily. Well, sir, let it pass then; but you must own it's a little unreasonable to expect that I should abound in that article, of which you my father do not possess a single atom?

Tem. Not at all unreasonable, for your mother was a miracle of patience; I am sure I put it very sufficiently to the trial: why I took her with no other view but as we take a diet-drink

in the spring, to sweeten the juices. Tempest, the son of Lord Hurricane, was never born to be calm; 'sblood and fire! I have never been in smooth water since first I was launch'd upon the surface of the globe. I was a younger son, and kicked into the world without a sixpence; my father gave me no education, taught me nothing, kept me in ignorance, and buffetted me every day for being a dunce.

Emily. That was hard indeed, to give so little and demand so much—but some fathers are quite out of the way of reason.

Tem. That's a wipe at me, I suppose, but no matter—First I was turn'd into the army, there I got broken bones and empty pockets; then I was banished to the coast of Africa to govern the savages of Senegambia; there I made a few blunders in colour, by taking whites for blacks and blacks for whites, but before my enemies could get hold of me, Death laid hands upon them, and I triumphed over their malice by the mortality of the climate.

Emily Upon my word, sir, you have been toss'd and tumbled about in this rough world pretty handsomely.

Tem. Yes, so handsomely that I will take care you shan't be toss'd and tumbled about, till you have a good pilot on board, and a safe harbour under your lee, to lay up in for life.

Emily. That's as much as to say I shall embark with Sir David Daw, and lay up in his fusty old castle on the banks of the Wye, in Monmouthshire, to wit. A precious pilot I shall

have, and a famous voyage we shall make of it! Helm a-weather! cries he, and bear away for the coast of Wales—Helm a-lee! say I, and set all sails for the port of London. He is for steering West, I am for steering East; so between us we run wild out of the track, and make a wreck of ship and cargo in the scuffle for command.

Tem. You talk nonsense, Emily, you gabble without wit or wisdom. Sir David Daw is a very respectable gentleman in his own country.

Emily. Then he is a very silly gentleman for coming out of it.

Tem. He has a noble property, a capital estate.

Emily. Thanks to his ancestors!—he'll never mend it by discovery of the longitude.

Tem. Emily, Emily, do you think I have no eyes? what do you take me for—a mole, a bat, a beetle, not to see where your perverse affections point? You are never out of Mrs. Woodville's house.

Emily. Can that be a wonder, when persecution drives me out of your doors, and pity draws me into her's? Here I am baited by the silliest animal Folly ever lent her name to, there I am received by the gentlest being Heaven ever formed.

Tem. Come, come, whilst you are talking thus of the mother, I know to a certainty it is the son you are thinking of; and positively, Emily, you must banish Henry Woodville from your thoughts.

Emily. Then I must lose the faculty of thinking.

Tem. Don't tell me of your faculties, mine will never consent to marry you to a ruin'd man —Sir David is no gamester—

Emily. Perhaps not.

Tem. Nor the son of a gamester.

Emily. No, nor the son of any thing, I should think, that Nature ever own'd; for he is so far from being in the likeness of a man, that it would be libelling a monkey to mistake them for each other.

Tem. Hold your tongue. I never said Sir David was a wit.

Emily. No, o'my conscience, a tailor might as well look for custom in the court of Pelew, as you for wit in the empty pericranium of my Monmouthshire lover.

Tem. And if he had wit, what would you do with it? Who would put a naked sword in the hands of a child? I like him the better for his being without it; I have none myself; I had sooner mess with the savages in Africa, than be shut into a room with a company of wits Your downright stupid fellow is the repose of all society; like a soft cushion in an easy chair, he lulls you into gentle slumbers, and lays all your cares to rest.

Enter a SERVANT, L.H.

Ser. Sir David Daw— [*Exit*, L.H.

Tem. Now, now, Emily, behave as you should do, or by living—

Enter Sir Daivd, L.H.

Welcome, Sir David! welcome my good knight of Monmouth!

Sir D. Worthy governor, I am your devoted servant—Sweet paragon of beauty, I am your humble slave. (*Crosses to Centre.*)

Tem. Heyday, my friend, where have you culled these flowers of rhetoric?

Sir D. Pick'd a small posey from Parnassus to lay it at the feet of the loveliest of the Muses.

Emily. Upon my word, Sir David, your periods are the very embrios of poetry, a kind of tadpoles, more than half frogs, and just ready to hop.

Sir D. So they can but hop into your good graces, I care not.

Tem. Right, my gallant heart, that's the way to treat her—Emily is for ever giggling.

Sir D. She is not singular in that: go where I will, they giggle; that is rather daunting, you must think. Amongst our Monmouthshire lasses who but I? Not that I am conscious of more wit than my neighbours, but my jokes always tell; they do so titter when I am in my merry vein, and the servants grin, and the tenants roar, and then my poor dear mother taps me on the cheek, and calls me her dainty David.—Oh! we are so merry in the castle.

Emily. Ay, to be sure; there's room enough

for your wit to escape without running foul of any body's understanding.

Sir D. Yes, yes, 'tis a bouncer, and such a hall for battledore and shuttle-cock—

Emily. Garnish'd round with pikes, and gauntlets, and branching horns, the trophies of the family—

Sir D. Yes, and in a great parlour such a string of Daws hanging by the wall—

Emily. In ruffs and bands, and picked chins from all antiquity, like the whole court of France in a puppet-shew, with dainty David in the character of Punchinello to close the cavalcade.

Sir D. No so; but in the place of it your own fair portrait if you please, and under it, in letters of gold, "Emily, consort of Sir David Daw" —Lilies and roses! what a lovely piece will that be!

Emily. Let it be a family piece then, and we may all have a part in it.

Tem. Aye, aye, that's a hook to haul me in with; I know it is: but let us hear, let us hear what part you have laid out for me.

Emily. An heroic one, to be sure; you shall be—let me consider—you shall be drawn in the character of Agamemnon.

Tem. Agamemnon! Why in the character of Agamemnon, I would fain know?

Emily. Because he was a warrior like you, and a governor; but principally because, if I remember his history—he sacrific'd his daughter.

Tem. Heh! how! there I'm thrown out: that is a history I known nothing of.

Sir D. Nor I neither.—Ah! my good Governor, speak a kind word for me; all my hopes are in you.

Tem. Fear nothing, my man of mettle; keep a stout heart, and there's none of 'em can resist the allurements of your fortune, though they may all be insensible to the beauties of your person.

Emily. No, to be sure: if you make love like an elephant, with your castle on your back, who can stand against you?

Sir D. I don't know how it is, Governor Tempest, but tho' 'tis well known that the first man Nature ever made was a Welshman, and tho' I flatter myself I am pretty nearly on the same model, yet here every ragged-headed fellow with a mahogany face, because he can slip into an eel-skin, and I cannot, slips into favour before me; whilst the ladies stare at me, as if I had dropt out of the moon amongst them.

Tem. That is because they lay aside the sight they were born with, and have eyes, like their complexions, of their own making.

Emily. Ah! Sir David, you do not understand them; you are happiest with the good old lady in the country; your education has been private.

Sir D. Quite snug and private; always at home, always with my mother.

Emily. And your amusements—

Sir D. Never went abroad for them; we had plenty of pastime amongst ourselves and the servants—cards I never touch; drinking I have no head for; and as for naughty women, I can faithfully assure you, I never come near none of 'em.

Tem. Keep that to yourself, my friend, if you are wise; for this world is so wicked, that a man is forced to counterfeit vices, in order to keep well with it.—

Enter SYDENHAM, L.H.

Ah! Charles, how wears this wicked world with you?

Syd. Wears apace, frets itself out, grates most confoundedly upon the hinges: I almost think I shall live to see the end of it.—Don't go away, I want to have a word with you.

(*Aside to Emily.*)

Sir D. Oh! Mr. Sydenham, I rejoice to see you. (*Crosses to Syd.*)

Syd. How fares my venerable Cambro-Briton?

Sir D. Terrible ill, for want of you; house, equipage, every thing is at a dead stop, till you set us going.—I call'd at your lodgings, and they told me you were out of town.

Syd. They did right; I educate my servants in all innocent untruths.

Tem. They gave me the same answer.

Syd. They did wrong: to tell one and the same lie to two several visitors, betrays a poverty of invention. (*Crosses to Emily.*)

Emily. And havn't you been out of town all this while?

Syd. Hush! hush! ask no questions.—How can I quit the town with an affair of honour on my hands: didn't you challenge me to a game at chess? and here I am ready to decide it.

Tem. Oh! that dull, dilatory, dreaming game, how I detest it!—Any news, Charles, of the poor Woodvilles?

Syd. That is the very question I was about to ask of you.

Tem. 'Sblood, you are as mysterious as a privy counsellor: they say Woodville is gone off; nay, they circulate a very black and dismal story about him.

Syd. As you have been governor of the blacks, I wish you would put the sooty slaves to death that circulate such stories.

Sir D. I hear Sir George Penruddock has made a curious will, and given his whole property to a mad-man, who has been shut up in a cottage for these twenty years.

Syd. And do you suppose it would have brought him to his senses if he had liv'd in a castle?

Tem. Come, come, Sir David; don't you see that cuckow won't be caught by you? Zooks, man, the thumb-screw would not make him plead; tho' let me tell you, when I've been set upon it, I have put tongues as stubborn as his into motion before now.—As for Emily, leave her to her drowsy game at chess; for, depend upon it, my friend, that any thing which tends to stupify her imagination will be a point gained in your favour.

[*Exeunt Tempest and Sir David*, L.H.

Syd. His Excellency is in one of his accommodating humours, and gives me an opportunity of

telling you that I have brought Woodville back with me; I knew his point, and overtook him after about twelve miles riding, in the very crisis of his fate.

Emily. Did you so? then here's my hand! for thou art the best soul living; with a heart of gold, and heels of feather, in the service of humanity. Ah! why did cruel Fortune cramp thy powers, when Nature so enriched thee with benevolence?

Syd. Don't complain of fortune in my case; perhaps the best fortune that can befal me is, that I have nothing to do with her: having little to bestow, I make up for it with good-will; had I abundance to give, the good-will might be wanting.

Emily. If fortune, however, would but put you to the trial, I should not tremble for the issue of it. Had Penruddock made you his heir, happy would it have been for poor Woodville.

Syd. For him (to own the truth to you) I have very little compassion; some old habits of good fellowship perhaps I can't quite shake off; but a gamester is in nature such a fool, in character so little of a gentleman, and by profession so very close approaching towards a highwayman, that I am asham'd of his acquaintance; yet, for my dear Mrs. Woodville's sake, for my brave Henry's sake, and through them, by implication, for my sweet Emily's, I have shelter'd that poor worthless desperado in my lodgings; which is a secret you must keep for all their sakes.

Emily. Doubt me not, for I can well suppose the consequences would be fatal. In one word, is there any hope for him?

Syd. I could not answer that in a thousand words; for I have seen this strange Penruddock, and know not what to make of him.

Emily. Is he a madman, as they report of him?

Syd. That I can't tell; for so many people are mad, who yet have senses enough to conceal it, that he may be so without my discovering it. He is as sullen as a bear, and inveterate against Woodville to the length of any species of revenge.

Emily. That is not the character Mrs. Woodville describes; she conceives better of him.

Syd. I wish she may not be mistaken; we must leave the event to time:—And now, my dear lady, when are we to mount the wedding favours?

Emily. So you will suppose I am cast for transportation to the enchanted castle?

Syd. Enchanted it will be when you are in it; but how can I suppose, or even wish, any otherwise, when ruin is attach'd to the alternative?

Emily. You strike upon a motive, that may drive me upon wonderous self-denials. If my beloved Mrs. Woodville falls, if my dear gallant Henry is beaten down and crush'd by poverty and distress, at any sacrifice I'll raise them up.

Syd Will you? then by the powers of goodness you are an angel!

Emily. But in that wreck of happiness I shall

need all the help that friendship can bestow; and you, Charles Sydenham, whom I place ever in the front of those few firm hearts I most prize and most depend on, must not desert me.

Syd. Desert you! Damn it, my throat aches so, and my eyes dazzle that I can neither rightly speak to you nor see you—but, by the Lord, I'll die for you.

Emily. Not so; but you must come to me in the country: there you and I will tell old stories over a winter's fire, and be as comfortable as two feeling hearts will let us.

Syd. I'll come; I'll come to you—walk, ride, fish, fowl, milk the cows, feed the poultry, nurse the children, laugh, cry, do any thing and every thing you would have me—I will, upon my soul I will!

Emily. Enough said: upon this promise we will part; I shall be call'd for by my father, and you know his humour.

Syd. I know him well for a most absolute and all to-be-respected governor; but if he had as numerous an offspring as Muley Ishmael, and as large an empire as Timur Khan, the proudest title he could boast would be that of being father to such an angel of a daughter.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter PENRUDDOCK, L.H.

Pen. So! I am in London once more.—From

solitude and silence how sudden is the transition to crowded streets, where all without is noise, and all within me anarchy and tumult! Thoughts uncollected, jarring resolutions, avarice, revenge, ambition, all the turbid passions arming, like soldiers rous'd from sleep, to rush into the battle. Pity I have none; my heart is chang'd: I stopt in a bye-place to reconsider Mrs. Woodville's interceding letter; a naked, shivering wretch approach'd and begg'd my charity; she was importunate, and I with a remorseless frown bade her begone.—"Alas!" she cried, "If I had look'd you in the face I might have seen there was no hope for me." I have the mark of Cain, the stamp of cruelty imprinted on my forehead. —She cut me to the heart; I would have call'd her back and aton'd, but sullenness or pride forbade it. How rich was I in my contented poverty! how poor has Fortune made me by these soul-tormenting riches!—

Enter WEAZEL, R.H.D.

—Well, Sir, is Mrs. Woodville in her house?

Wea. She is not there, nor any body that can tell me where she is: the servants are dispers'd, the chamber-doors all lock'd and seal'd, save one, in which a solitary guard keeps watch, holding possession in due form of law: I have seen it in its splendour; it is now revers'd, a melancholy change.

Pen. I'll visit it, nevertheless: it will be a wholesome preparative to the scene of luxury

which you tell me I am to be saluted with in the stately mansion of Sir George Penruddock.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.D.

SCENE III.—*An unfurnished Room.*

Enter PENRUDDOCK, WEAZEL, *and an* OFFICER, R.H.

Pen. You are here, Sir, I presume, in office by authority from the late Sir George Penruddock.

Offi. I am, Sir; and tho' it is against our rules to admit any stranger, yet as I know Mr. Weazel, and he warrants for you, I make no objection to your coming in.

Pen. Nor to leaving us, I should suppose, within these bare walls; they defy robbery: the scythe of the law cuts close, and those, who follow it, will not be enrich'd by their gleanings.

Offi. A pleasant gentleman, I shou'd guess, and knows a thing or two.—Mr. Weazel, with your leave, I will speak a word with you.

Wea. By all means, sir; ever happy to assist when you want anything in my way.

[*Exit with Officer*, L.H.

Pen. Here, then, was the residence of my once beloved Arabella; here she reign'd, here she revell'd; and here, perhaps, in a desponding moment, she wrote that melancholy appeal, which wrung the weapon from my hand, when rais'd against her husband's life. I'll read it once again; the scene conspires, a sympathetic gloom comes over me; and solitude the friend of meditation, prompts me to review it:—

"*By the death of Sir George Penruddock you will find us your debtors in no less a sum than all that we possess; if you are extreme, we are undone; my husband, who expects no mercy, flies from me in despair, and in his fate mine is involv'd: if then you find an orphan in the world, whose parents could not move your pity, you may think revenge has done enough, and take my Henry into your protection.*"

Enter HENRY WOODVILLE, R.H.

Hen. Where am I? What has happen'd? Why is this house so chang'd in its appearance?

Pen. Whom do you seek?

Hen. A father and a mother, who dwelt here. If you have heard the name of Woodville, and can ease my anxious terrors, tell me they survive.

Pen. Be satisfied—They live.

Hen. Devoutly I return Heaven thanks, and bless you for the tidings: long absent, and debarr'd all correspondence with my family, I came with trembling heart, uncertain of their fate: and, I confess, the ominous appearance of a deserted house struck me with alarm; but I may hope they have some other residence at hand—If you know where, direct me.

Pen. If I knew where, I would; but—

Hen. But what? Why do you pause?

Pen. Because I can't proceed.

Hen. Why not proceed? You know they live, can you not tell me where?

Pen. I cannot.

Hen. What is your business here?

Pen. None.

Hen. Do you not live in London?

Pen. No.

Hen. What is your name, occupation? where do you inhabit? How comes it to pass you know so well to answer me one question, and are dumb to all the rest?

Pen. I am not us'd to interrogatories, nor quite so patient as may suit with your impetuosity.

Hen. I stand corrected; I am too quick.—You will excuse the feelings of a son.

Pen. Most willingly; only I'm sorry to perceive they are so sensitive, because this world abounds in misery.

Hen. Now I am sure you know more than you yet reveal; but having said my parents are alive, you fortify me against lesser evils: I know my father's failings, and can well suppose that his affairs have fallen into decay.

Pen. To utter ruin. Gaming has undone him.

Hen. Oh! execrable vice, fiend of the human soul, that tears the hearts of parent, child, and friend! What crimes, what shame, what complicated misery, hast thou brought upon us! This house was swallow'd in the general wreck?

Pen. With every thing else: Sir George Penruddock had it for a debt, as it is called, of honor.

Hen. A debt of infamy—and may the curse entail'd upon such debts descend on him and all that may inherit from him!

Pen. There you outrun discretion: he is dead, and you would not extend your curse to him that now inherits.

Hen. Light where it will, I will not revoke it. He that is fortune's minion well deserves it.

Pen. But he that is innocent, does not.

Hen. Can he be innocent, who stains his hands with ore drench'd in the gamester's blood, dug from the widow's and the orphan's hearts with tears, and cries, and agonies unutterable? 'Tis property accurst: were it a mine as deep as to the centre, I would not touch an atom to preserve myself from starving.

Pen. You speak too strongly, sir.

Hen. So you may think: I speak as I feel.—Who is the wretched heir?

Pen. Roderick Penruddock.

Hen. What! Roderick the recluse?

Pen. The same.

Hen. My father knew him well—a gloomy misanthrope, shunning and shunn'd by all mankind. When such a being, after long seclusion, lost to all social charities, and harden'd into savage insensibility, comes forth into the world arm'd with power and property, he issues like a hungry lion from his den, to ravage and devour.

Pen. Stop your invective! Know him before you damn him.

Hen. I do not wish to know him; but if you do, and think him wrong'd by my discourse, convince me of the wrong, and you shall find me ready to atone.

Pen. I would not have you take his character from me, and yet I think him to be somewhat better than your report of him; however you have put it fairly to the issue, and if your leisure serves to meet me at his house, the late Sir George Penruddock's, within two hours from this, you may perhaps see cause to blush for the severity of your invective: in the mean time I promise to make no report of what you have said, and neither aggravate his mind against you, nor warn him of your coming.

Hen. If I can find my friends within the time you mention, I will not fail to meet you; but I should know your name.

Pen. You shall know every thing in proper time and place—till then farewell.

[*Exit Henry*, R.H.

Insolent libeller! he has undone himself, and stabb'd the mercy in my bosom, whilst in the very act of rising to embrace him. [*Exit*, L.H.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A mean Apartment in the Lodging House of Mrs. Woodville.*

Enter HENRY, L.H. *usher'd in by a* MAID SERVANT.

Maid. Walk in, sir, pray walk in. Madam Woodville will be quickly at home.

Hen. Are you her servant?

Maid. I do the work of the house, and wait upon the lodgers.

Hen. Has she none else belonging to her?

Maid. No, no, good lady, she has none else but me.—If you are Captain Woodville, her son, I hope it will be in your power to comfort her.

Hen. Heaven grant it may!—I am the person; you may leave me.— [*Exit Maid*, L.H. What a sad change is this! My mother in this place—thus lodg'd, and thus attended!—O Nature! let me not forget it was a father that did this, else—but that thought is horror—Hark, she is coming—

Enter EMILY TEMPEST, L.H.

May I believe my eyes? The lovely phantom of my visions realiz'd!

Emily. The gallant prisoner, we bewail'd, set free!—This is a joy most welcome. I was inform'd you call'd at our house for a direction hither; I can make all allowances for your impatience; but surely, surely, Henry, you made none for mine, when all that you bestowed on me, was a cold inquiry at the door, if such a being was still in existence.

Hen. Chide not, but pity me; the unfortunate are fearful of intruding.

Emily. Say rather they are unkind, and wrong their friends, when they suppose them shaken by every breath of fortune.

Hen. The world revolts from poverty.

Emily. Are these the sentiments that you return with? For shame! a soldier to talk thus —Have you seen no misfortunes where you have been, or do you feel them only when they fall upon yourself? Your noble mother does not reason thus.

Hen. Her's are no common evils, I confess: but still, adversity is a fair enemy; patience can check it, fortitude can conquer it, religion can convert it to a blessing. Even I, whom you reprove, bore it without a murmur, for honor was not lost, hope was yet alive—your image, ever present to my mind, brighten'd captivity, and dreams of future happiness cheer'd my warm glowing fancy; but now—

Emily. What now? stop there, and let me only dwell upon those objects that delight, altho' they may delude: joy at the best is fugitive; paint hope in brilliant hues, and it is joy: the picture fades indeed, and its warm tints fly off, but whilst they fly, they charm, and memory feasts upon them, even when they are vanish'd.

Hen. Oh! well applied, and genuine philosophy.—But now, my Emily, what means this mischievous effusion of so much light that my weak eyes can't bear it? Why all this blaze of beauty?

Emily. Hush! don't be silly; it is no such thing—a little glad to see you, perhaps, a little animated by an unexpected pleasure.

Hen. I left you, as I thought, perfect in every charm; but time I see still brings fresh tributes to adorn and beautify perfection.—How many hearts have you this moment in your chains?

Emily. Nonsense! not one: the lover I most reckon'd upon has just thrown off his chains, and is at liberty.

Hen. Only to yield it up again with double devotion at your feet. Did you know him as I do, you would know, that tho' impossibilities oppose his hope, reason can make no progress in the reform of his incurable passion.

Emily. Indeed! then what is to be done with such a man? How would you advise me to treat his case?

Hen. With pity, as for one who suffers without prospect of a cure; with caution towards yourself, as holding it unfair to flatter where you cannot save.

Mrs. W. (*Without.*) Where, where is he?

Enter Mrs. Woodville, L.H. *who embraces Henry.*

Mrs. W. Henry, my son, my hero! welcome to my arms.

Hen. Oh! my dear mother—suffering, injur'd excellence! (*Kneels.*)

Mrs. W. Stand up! Let me survey you—Why, you credit your campaigning; yet you have far'd hardly—well, 'tis a good practice for bad times: we have not wherewithal to feast you, my poor Henry.—There is no gold grows on the soldier's laurels.

Hen. I have a sword, madam.

Mrs. W. Go then, and let it earn for you both food and fame. A British matron sends her warrior to the fight, and scorns to damp his ardor

with a tear: I'll share you with my country.—Oh! my sweet Emily, my generous friend, I know you can forgive me.

Emily. Not easily, if you devote a single thought to ceremony: I am here a party upon sufference, not quite indifferent to the scene before me, but certainly no principal.

Mrs. W. You must be ever such with me; you have shar'd my sorrows, hard indeed if you might not partake my joys.—Well, Henry, we must meet the time, and all its troubles, with what face we can; cowards and fools shrink at the blasts of fortune, the solid temper of a noble mind sets them at nought.

Henry. I'll not disgrace your heroism with a murmur; when your instruction points the way to virtue, and the example of my father warns me against vice, how can I stray?

Mrs. W. Alas! your father—he is indeed—but we'll not speak of him: stand firm yourself, and give me cause to love you: for errors of prosperity the world has candour more than enough; now you have nothing left but your good name, of that be jealous in the extreme; so shall I be justified for having thought you worthy of that hand, which cruel fortune irrevocably has snatch'd from you.

Emily. Madam! Mrs. Woodville!—I'll take my leave; your business grows too interesting.—I'll not intrude upon your secrets. (*Is withdrawing,* L.H. *but is stopped by Henry.*)

Henry. Tear not my heart away, but stop, for mercy's sake.

Emily. No, let us part. Your mother speaks the truth; but I was then so happy, I lost sight of it.

Mrs. W. My Emily, my life, my comforter, forgive me! Amidst a throng of sorrows, some unguarded words will evermore escape us; we vent them as we do our sighs, and know not what we say.

Emily. Pray don't apologize; I am quite asham'd of it: 'tis nothing, I am often thus; you've seen me so a hundred times.—Only poor Henry made up such a face—his eyes set me a crying—and now, good Heaven, how I could laugh!—Oh! that is horrid—stop that if you can.

Mrs. W. My dear, my dear! come with me to my chamber.

Henry. Rest, rest on me, thou fascinating charmer!

Emily. Look, look at him!—I wonder what he thinks of me—a fool, a fool, a foolish feeble creature. [*Exeunt*, L.H.

SCENE II.—*A saloon in the house of Sir George Penruddock.*

Enter WEAZEL L.H.S.E. *followed by* JENKINS, COOK, *and* COACHMAN *in mourning.*

Wea. (*With much ceremony.*) Gentlemen of the second table! Chiefs of the lower regions! I am your very humble servant. I condole with you on our general loss: your late worthy mas-

ter has paid the debt of nature ; poor Sir George is no more ; but you are serious reflecting men, that weigh these natural events, and know that Death (as the great poet sings) *will come when he will come.*

Jen. True, sir, and all our wonder is he did not come before, seeing what pains Sir George took to quicken him.

Wea. Aptly remarked, most worthy sir ; and I am greatly edified to see that you have put yourselves in mourning ; 'tis somewhat premature, perhaps, seeing the deceas'd is not yet interr'd, but it is a tribute of gratitude to your old master, and an earnest of respect to your new one.

Cook. Of the past we have nothing to complain ; of the present we are a little doubtful.

Wea. You speak like sage experienced men well versed in all the dues and perquisites of service. I have my doubts like you ; Penruddock, I should fear, may be too much of a philosopher for your purposes, and you perhaps not quite enough for his.

Jen. We can't live without our comforts, Mr. Weazel.

Wea. And fit it is you should have them.—You, Mr. Jenkins, I well know, are a man of taste, and have your little gentlemanly recreations —a stable at Epsom, with a bit of blood, that gives you the fresh air upon the Downs ; another bit of blood, in the commodious purlieus of Marybone, which soothes your softer hours : I doubt if this philosopher's wages would

buy body-clothes for either.—In short, my good friends, I much suspect the golden age with all of us is past, the iron coming on.

Jen. Well, sir, we shall see: report speaks strangely of the gentleman, to be sure. When may we look for his arrival?

Wea. Momentarily.—I perceive you have a whole battalion of livery servants drawn up in the outer hall.

Jen. We thought for the credit of the establishment to have them all in attendance and full livery.—Does the gentleman bring any of his own domestics with him?

Wea. Not many.

Jen. Let him come as strong as he will, we have provided; he will find a very handsome dinner, and a well-furnish'd sideboard.

Wea. 'Twill be a novelty, at least.

Jen. We have some very pretty wenches in the house; Sir George was very particular in that way.

Wea. And you, Mr. Jenkins, are no mean authority; but Mr. Roderick's taste seems to lie mostly towards old women of seventy.

Coach. Pray, sir, with what equipage does he travel hither.

Wea. With one of Nature's providing.—Heyday! what's a-coming now?

A party of LIVERY SERVANTS *rush in*, R.H.

Livery Serv. No offence to you Mr. Weazel, but we would fain know what lay we are to be

upon ; and whether the strange gentleman will be agreeable to continue to allow us for bags, canes, and nosegays.

Wea Bags you must wear, the graces of your persons claim them ; canes you shall have, your merits well bespeak them ; and as for nosegays, gentlemen, it is so modest a request, that even the hangman furnishes them to his clients.—But, hark ! your master is arrived.

Jen. Stand by ; make way !

Enter PENRUDDOCK, R.H. *Servants bow to him.*

Pen. Are all these persons of Sir George's household ?

Wea. All of his town establishment.

Pen. So many for the use of one ? they've females in proportion, I should hope, else 'tis a most impolitic establishment.

Wea. There are plenty of female servants in the house, but it is not usual for that sex to show themselves in the hall.

Pen. If there is ever an old woman amongst them, send her to wait upon me.

Wea. I told you how it would be. (*Aside.*)

Jen. Please your honour, there is no such thing in the family.

Pen. Shew me into your library then.

Jen. I beg pardon, there is no library.

Pen. Right ! why should wealth be wise ? Who, that could feed upon the leavings of the dead, would keep so many living men in pay to pamper his appetite ? You would be useless

ministers to a philosopher; therefore, whilst I am with you, I'll be none.—Shew me your gayest chamber. [*Exit, attended,* L.H.

SCENE III.—*A magnificent Ball Room, richly decorated.*

Enter PENRUDDOCK, WEAZEL, JENKINS *and Servants,* L.H.S.F.

Pen. What's all this? for what perverted race of beings was this abominable farrago of aburdity collected?

Jen. This, sir! we call this the ball-room. It was thus prepar'd for the *fête* Sir George intended to have given on his return out of Cornwall, as this very night, if Death had not prevented him.

Pen. Death saved his credit; and as guardian of his memory, I will have this libel burnt by the common hangman, and its author prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.

Jen. We have other apartments, sir, if this is not to your liking.

Pen. Leave me, if you please. [*Exit Jenkins and Servants,* R.H.]—Oh! my beloved cottage, when shall I re-visit thee?—I told you of my adventure with young Woodville, and the hard names he gave me: would it not be a worthy punishment to imprison him for life?

Wea. A moderate correction he well merits; but imprisonment for life would be too severe a punishment.

Pen. I think it would, in such an execrable dungeon as this.—How long, sir, might it take to starve a naked man to death in a cold frosty night?

Wea. Truly, sir, the calculation never enter'd my thoughts.

Pen. I'll tell you then—about as long as it would take to drive me mad, where I to be here shut up without the power of an escape. 'Sdeath! can a man that has look'd Nature in the face gaze on these fripperies? Why, sir, my cobwebs, which old Deborah's purblind eyes leave undisturb'd, have twenty times the grace of these unnatural festoons. What did Sir George Penruddock mean by thus lampooning me? I'll not wear a fool's cap and bells for any man's humour, not I.—Sir, I must ever curse the moment when you broke up my repose in my small unsophisticated cottage.

Enter JENKINS, R.H.

Jen. Captain Woodville is at the door, and desires to know if there is not a person here he was to call upon.

Pen. Introduce Captain Woodville directly. [*Exit Jenkins*, R.H.]—Mr. Weazel, you will expedite those matters I instructed you upon, and remember secrecy.

Wea. I shall act faithfully in all things, to the best of my understanding.—What a mysterious animal it is! 'Twould puzzle Œdipus to unriddle what he means. [*Exit*, L.H.

Enter HENRY, R.H.

Henry. Bless me! can this be so? Am I in company with Mr. Penruddock?

Pen. For the second time.—I recollect we met by accident, and had some interesting conversation.

Henry. Then I must throw myself upon your candour, and abide by any measures you may choose to dictate in consequence of what has passed between us.

Pen. You hardly can expect much candour in a character such as you painted—savage, insensible, lost to all social charities, a gloomy misanthrope.

Henry. I spoke, as men are apt to speak, what I believ'd upon report.—If you mean only to retort the words on me as their retailer, you still leave the original authority in force; but if you can refute that, you at once vindicate your own character from aspersion, and bring me to shame for my credulity and levity.

Pen. If I remember right, you quoted your own father as the authority on which you rested: of him, therefore, in the first place, I will speak; of myself in the last.—Your father and myself were intimates through all that happy age, when nature wears no mask: our boyish sports, our college studies, our travelling excursions, united us in friendship.—This may be tedious talk, and yet I study to be brief, for my own sake as well as yours.

Henry. I'm all attention—pray proceed.

Pen. On our return from travel it was my fortune to engage the affections of a lady—whom at this distant period I can't name without emotions that unman and shake my foolish heart—therefore no more of her. Your father was our mutual confidant, pass'd and repass'd between us on affairs of trust and secrecy, whilst I was busied in providing for our marriage settlement: I struggled against difficulties, that tortured my impatience, and at length overcame them. In that interval a villain had belied my character, poison'd her credulous mind, and by the display of a superior fortune, prevail'd upon her parents to revoke their promises to me, and marry her to him.—What did this wretch deserve?

Henry. Death from your hands, and infamy from all the world.

Pen. And yet upon his credit you arraign my character;—for that wretch is—your own father.

Henry. I'm dumb with horror.

Pen. Can you now wonder, if, when arm'd with power to extinguish this despoiler of my peace, this still inveterate defamer of my character, I issue, as your own words describ'd me, like a hungry lion from his den, to ravage and devour?

Henry. I'll answer that hereafter; and by the honour of a soldier, I will answer it as truth and justice shall exact of me? But a charge so strong, so serious, so heart-rending to a son, who feels himself referr'd to in a case so touch-

ing, demands a strict discussion: I shall immediately seek out my father, whom I have not yet seen.

Pen. If I accuse him falsely, it is not restitution of the debt he owes me, nor all that I possess besides, no, nor my life itself, that can atone for the calumny. If I have spoken truth, confess, that though I have the fury of the lion you compare me to, I have, like him, instinct to justify the ravages I make.

Henry. I close upon those terms: when next we meet, we meet decisively. [*Exit*, R.H.

Pen. He that is once deceiv'd may plead a venial error; but he that gives himself to be a fool twice dup'd, has nothing but his folly to excuse him. I parted from this strumpet world because she jilted me; protesting never to believe her more, I cast her off; she now approaches me with syren smiles, throws out her lures, and thinks to dazzle me with these vile scraps of tawdry patch-work finery.—Away with all such snares! there's whore upon the face of them.

Enter JENKINS, R.H.

Jen. Is it your pleasure to be at home, sir?

Pen. It shall be before long.

Jen. Do you choose to see Mr. Sydenham?

Pen. By all means. [*Exit Jenkins*, R.H.]—The whole town are welcome to break in and plunder all they find: encumber'd with the trappings of folly, the sooner I am stript the better.

Enter SYDENHAM, R.H.

Sir, I am proud to see you. This is indeed a kindness greater than I look'd for, even from you, of whom I had conceived so highly, to visit one that must appear to you in the last stage of human misery.

Syd. How so, sir? What is it you can allude to?

Pen. These symptoms of insanity. These—

Syd. You surprise me, sir; if you advert to the decorations of this ball-room, be assured they are executed to a miracle; conceiv'd, dispos'd, and finish'd with great elegance, and in the very last taste.

Pen. Heaven grant it may be the last!

Syd. You have liv'd long out of the world; your eyes are used to Nature; but in these times we never prize what we can enjoy for nothing: of course Nature and all her works are out of fashion.

Pen. And may I ask which fashion you are of?

Syd. Sir, I am, as I told you, a mere idler, a roving drone without a hive. To call upon me for an opinion is to expose me to danger, for I am too honest to disguise my sentiments, and my sentiments are too sincere to please the generality of those I keep company with—I am poor, but still such a plain-spoken fool, that if you were to ask me what I thought of you, I should infallibly give you my opinion to your face.

Pen. Then give it, I conjure you: I have still my own conscience to refer to.

Syd. Perhaps I may not treat you with the civility you require. Your conscience and I may differ in that respect.

Pen. Proceed nevertheless.

Syd. The first predicament I saw you in was a peculiar one—Encounter'd by a man, a guilty one I own, who confessed to the wrongs he had done you, and threw himself upon your pardon: he was in misery and at your mercy—a glorious moment was then in your reach; for the honour of human nature I wish'd you to have seiz'd it; you seiz'd the pistol, instead, which he tendered you, and when you might have conquer'd him by generosity, preferr'd the doubtful chance of revenging yourself in his blood.

Pen. Go on, go on! Cut deep, and never spare me.

Syd. A mediating angel stopt your hand, but still you slunk away in silence, sullen and mysterious: what the contents of Mrs. Woodville's letter were, I know not; but whatever they might be, I understand they are unanswer'd; for I came this instant from the lady who addressed you.—Here you are not less wanting in politeness than humanity.

Pen. Facts, but not comments, if you please. What next?

Syd. The son of your neglected correspondent is come home, a braver, nobler, more ingenuous youth, his country does not boast: I met him as he parted from your door; what was in his heart I know not, but in his features all was sadness, horror, and despair—I threw

my arms about him ; he press'd me to his bosom, sigh'd, and broke away from me without a word.

Pen. If you held no discourse, how could you dive into his thoughts?

Syd. Because I know how deep and keen the pangs of disappointed love.

Pen. Do you know that? I know it too. Tell me his case; what is the lady's name, and whence his disappointment?

Syd. The mistress of his soul is Emily, the fair and lovely daughter of your neighbour, Mr. Tempest: plung'd in his father's ruin, all his hopes are wrecked; honour forbids the match, for Tempest is not rich, and Henry (curse upon that dæmon gaming!) is undone: meantime Sir David Daw, a fellow cramm'd with money to a surfeit, proposes for the lady—

Pen. What then, what then? she will not marry him.

Syd. I should suppose she will.

Pen. Infamous prostitution! is there a second woman to be found so base of soul, so lost to every sense—

Syd. Stop! on your life no more: I must not hear the noblest sacrifice, that generosity e'er made to save a sinking family, so grossly treated by the very man, who is himself the source and fountain-head of their calamity.—And now proceed, fulfil your whole design, complete their ruin —tear this devoted victim from the heart of her beloved Henry—drive her into the arms of folly —immolate affection, beauty, innocence, every

grace and every virtue, to the luxury of revenge, and when you've done it—fall to your dinner with what appetite you may.

Pen. Stay, sir!—I could reply to you, but my heart swells against this tyranny of tongue. The time may come—nay it shall come—when you'll repent this language.

Syd. Not I, by Heaven—I have a sword, that never yet was backward to come forth upon the call, and second what I've said. And now, because I'll give your vengeance its full range, and suffer none that I call friend to skulk behind my shield, I tell you, Woodville will be found with me, whenever you think fit to seek him. —Your servants know the house and will direct you to it. [*Exit*, R.H.

Pen. Here's a bold spirit! These are the loud-tongu'd moralists, who make benevolence a bully, and mouth us into mercy by the dint of noise and impudence—but I shall lower his tone. Who waits?—Tell my attorney I would speak with him. [*Exit*, L.H.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in Sydenham's house.*

Enter WOODVILLE, *and Mrs.* WOODVILLE, L.H.

Wood. You strive in vain to comfort me; my spirit sinks under a load of guilt, which all your

pity and forgiveness cannot lighten.—Is there a gleam of hope to catch at?

Mrs. W. There seems an awful pause in our fate; I dare not call it hope; I do not think it warrants us to treat it as despair.

Wood. Have you had any answer from Penruddock?

Mrs. W. None.

Wood. Heartless, unfeeling monster—

Mrs. W. Hush, hush! you should not rail.

Wood. I'll hide myself no longer; I'll go forth and face his persecution.

Mrs. W. Hold, be not rash. Where's Sydenham?

Wood. Gone to Penruddock.

Mrs. W. I'm sorry for it; that will blow the flame; their tempers never can accord.

Wood. I saw the danger, and strove to divert him from the undertaking—but you know his zealous temper; no remonstrance stops him.

Mrs. W. I'll go to Penruddock myself.

Wood. Not for the world.

Mrs. W. Why what shou'd hinder me?

Wood. Consideration for yourself—and, though I have justly forfeited all right to counsel you, let me add, my earnest dissuasion.

Mrs. W. This is no time for pride—think of your son!

Wood. Oh! agony of soul! Oh, monstrous, monstrous villain that I am.—And look! protect me, save me from the sight of him.

(*Falls on her neck.*)

Enter HENRY, R.H. *and after a pause speaks.*

Hen. Sir, be a man! You fly too late to that protecting virtue; if it is painful to abide this meeting, why did you risk the pain? What was the good you might have gain'd, compar'd with what you have lost?—A wife, a son, the sacred trust of husband, father, all that Heaven committed to your keeping, stak'd (Oh! disproportion'd stake!) against a gambler's coin!

Wood. Truly, but sternly urg'd.—I thank you: It has rous'd me.

Hen. I'm glad it has, for it requires some energy to meet the appeal that I am bound to make: Penruddock charges you with acts, long past indeed, but of the blackest treachery. How stands the truth? I'm deeply pledg'd upon the issue of your answer: if you are falsely charg'd, I shall do what becomes me as your son; if not, I've done him wrong, and have much to atone for.

Wood. I'll give no answer: I am your father, sir, and will not thus be question'd.

Hen. Alas! you are my father; and my honor, which is all that you have not taken from me, is so far engag'd that I must have an answer.

Mrs. W. Take it from me!—'Tis true.

Wood. Hah! do you turn against me?

Mrs. W. No; but I cannot turn aside from truth, and shrink as you do from confession, when a brave son demands it.—Penruddock has been wrong'd.

Wood. I've cancell'd all his wrongs; I've tender'd him the satisfaction of a gentleman, and he accepted it; Sydenham was present, and can witness it.

Mrs. W. And what ensued?

Wood. Your letter was produc'd, and he declin'd the duel.

Mrs. W. Did he? Now Heaven be thank'd. I've sav'd your heart one agony at least—What would have been your crime, had you destroy'd that man?

Wood. Perhaps I did not mean to put it to the risk.

Hen. I hope you did not—I have now my answer, and must take my leave.

Enter SYDENHAM, R.H.

Syd. (*Stopping Henry.*) One moment, one short moment, my dear lad!—Forever on the wing?—I must shoot flying then; for come what may, I must and will embrace you.

Hen. Measure not my affection, my good friend, by the few moments it can spare; you have the soul of honour in you, know all its feelings, its refinements, and can trust that nothing but it's duties would compel me to break from you thus abruptly—farewell! [*Exit*, R.H.

Syd. There, there he goes—unfortunate, tho' brave, the darling of my heart, his country's gallant champion, redeem'd from long captivity to encounter sorrows at home, enough to rend his manly heart asunder—Who would not pity

him? who but must love him? I do from my soul.

Mrs. W. Aye, Charles, you have a heart.

Syd. I have a heart to honor him, a sword to serve him, and a purse—no, not that—confound it, curse it, for its emptiness! hang dog, I would it were as big and as full as a sack for his sake —Damn that old crabbed cottager, that book-worm—

Mrs. W. Peace! you have visited Penruddock—

Syd. Yes, you may call it visiting—He receiv'd me planting himself in the very centre of Sir George's splendid ball-room, like a gloomy night-piece in a gilded frame. He ask'd me if I did not think him mad—I civilly said, no; which was a lie for your sake;—but presently he led me on to give him his full character, and then the truth came out; I told him my whole mind.

Wood. What did you tell him? can you recollect?

Syd. As for you, I told him fairly I had nothing to say in your behalf, but that I thought it would have been a very gallant act to have forgiven you, simply because you had so little title to expect it.

Wood. There was no great flattery in that, methinks.

Syd. Hang it, flattery! no: I was past flattering; for when I came to speak of Henry, and how all hopes of his beloved Emily were blasted by your curst itch of gaming, 'sdeath, I was all

on fire, and shot philippics thick and terrible as red-hot balls.

Mrs. W. Why? what provok'd you to it?

Syd. What but to think how glorious an opportunity he let slip of rescuing the brave lad from disappointment, and defeating that rich blockhead of a baronet, that dunder-headed Daw, who waits to snap her up; wasn't that enough to do it? Zooks! had I swallowed Hecla, I could not have fumed more furiously.

Mrs. W. Still you don't answer to my question: Did Mr. Penruddock give you to understand that Henry had nothing to expect from him?

Syd. No; but I understood it well enough without his giving—I saw it in his looks; if you would paint a head of Caius Marius in his prison, he was the very model for it. It chill'd benevolence to look upon him; Spitzbergen could not freeze me more effectually than his marble face.

Mrs. W. My friend, my friend! you are too volatile; you only saw the ruggedness of the soil, and never search'd for the rich ore beneath it.—And now, Woodville, for a short time, farewell! To your benevolent friend I recommend you; and, if my auguries don't deceive me, I'll bring you better tidings when next we meet.

[*Exit*, R.H.

Syd. By Heavens, Woodville, you must have had a most intolerable bad taste, when you could prefer the company of a crew of gamesters to the society of that angelic woman.

Wood. Oh! Sydenham, I reflect with horror

on that monster gaming; that with the smiles of a syren to allure, has the talons of a harpy to destroy us. [*Exeunt*, L.H.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Penruddock's House.*

Enter PENRUDDOCK, L.H.

Pen. I'm weary, sick, discomfited. This world and I must part once more. That it has virtues, I will not deny; but they lie buried in a tide of vanities, like grains of gold in sand wash'd down by mountain torrents: I cannot wait the sifting —Sydenham has a heart—what then? his zeal, like a rich cordial drank to intoxication, loses its sweet nature, and becomes pernicious by abuse.—Henry is young; and like the promise of a forward spring, flatters our hopes of harvest; 'twere hard to let him wither in the bud: he too is thoughtless, rash, impetuous—but he's a soldier and a lover; with them I sympathize—besides, his mother's in his face.

Enter HENRY, R.H.

Hen. They tell me you would see me; if I come unseasonably, appoint some other time.

Pen. The present is your own; command it as you please.

Hen. I have done you flagrant wrong; but as I cannot charge my memory with slandering your good name in any other person's hearing

but your own, and that unknowingly, I have no other person to atone to but yourself.

Pen. You have seen your father, and explain'd?

Hen. I have; my mother too was present.

Pen. Your mother present!—May I request you to describe what pass'd?

Hen. You shall know all.—My father at first sight shrunk from me, conscious and abash'd; I urg'd your charge upon him strongly, perhaps (for I was gall'd with many griefs) more strongly than became me: my high tone offended him, and he refused to answer; a second time I urg'd the same demand; my mother instantly replied, that your appeal was true—you had been grossly wrong'd.—Her candor drew forth his confession, qualified with this excuse, that he had tendered satisfaction: hinting withal, that had the affair taken place, he would not have return'd your fire.

Pen. It is enough, I am satisfied; you know me now to have been an injur'd man, betray'd by him I trusted, wounded in the tenderest part, and robb'd of all I held most dear; if, therefore, I am become *savage*, *insensible*, and all that you once thought me, I have some natural plea; and, should you find me a hard creditor to one that was so false a friend, what can you say?

Hen. Less than I wish: your own benevolence must be my father's advocate.

Pen. He has undone his family, lost great sums by play, and chiefly, as I find, to Sir George Penruddock, who supplied him also with loans,

till his estate was mortgag'd to its value, his town-house seiz'd, and bond debts hanging over him, that put his person at my mercy—If revenge were my object, these are tempting opportunities for indulging it? if avarice were my passion, here are ample means for gratifying it. —What have you now to offer on your father's part?

Hen. To justice nothing; some little plea perhaps upon the score of mercy.

Pen. State it.

Hen. I am a soldier, sir; and, were I circumstanc'd as you are, I could not suffer myself to deprive that man of his liberty, who had tender'd me an honourable satisfaction at the peril of his life.

Pen. Well, sir, I love a soldier; and, tho' your arguments are not to be found in law or gospel, yet they have weight, and I will give them full consideration: we shall meet again.

Henry. Have you any further commands?

Pen. A word before we part—You bear a strong resemblance to your mother—will you be troubled with a message to her?

Henry. Most readily.

Pen. I have to apologize for the neglect of an unanswer'd letter—Say to her, I beseech you, that I am collecting spirits to request an interview with her here, before I finally retire to my cottage.—This to your mother—now to yourself a word in secrecy and pure good-will—I am told you are attach'd to a most amiable young lady, daughter of the honourable Mr.

Tempest, my near neighbour—by sad experience I exhort you, trust not to chance and time; make suit without delay, lose not a moment, but repair forthwith to Mr. Tempest.

Henry. Ah! sir, what hope for me?

Pen. A soldier, and despair? For shame! go, go, announce yourself, and take your chance for a reception: if he admits you, well; if he declines your visit, you have lost your labour, and I have given you mistaken counsel. Come, I'll attend you to the door. [*Exeunt*, R.H.

SCENE III.—*Mr. Tempest's House.*

Enter TEMPEST, *and Sir* DAVID DAW, L.H.

Sir D. With your leave, Governor Tempest, I would fain crave your patience, whilst I open a bit of my mind to you, in a quiet way and without offence.

Tem. You may open it too without a preface, good Sir David; I am ready to hear you.

Sir D. That's kind, that's courteous! and I must say it to your face, aye, and I'll say it in the face of the whole world, that I have always found you as obliging and civil-spoken a gentleman, as I ever cross'd upon in my whole life before—I speak it from my heart, I do indeed, I speak the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Tem. Yes, but I don't want to hear it just now: speak to the business, and leave truth to speak for itself.

Sir D. But why do I say it? Why, but because

I hear the people talk so much of your want of temper, and of the violent passions you throw yourself into? Now I say—

Tem. Who cares what you say? The people are not half so provoking as you, the retail hawker of their paltry nonsense—you, that with silly acquiescence make men sick of their own opinions by always chiming in with them—you, that pelt us with ill-savour'd compliments, till rotten eggs and the pillory would be a recreation in comparison of them—you that—

Sir D. Oh dear, oh dear! who could have thought it? now you have driven all I had to say clear out of my head.

Tem. Well, 'tis no loss, if this is a sample of its contents.

Sir D. I cannot for the soul of me get the words together again; though I had conn'd them over pretty closely, if you had not bounc'd upon me in such a fashion; but, under favour, I could explain myself to your fair daughter, she is kindly and good-humour'd.

Tem. Make your own way with her then as you can, for here she comes.

Enter EMILY, L.H.

Well, child, if you can make any thing of this gentleman, it is more than I can; all I understand is, that he has been flattering my patience till he has put me in a passion.

Emily. Oh fie, Sir David! don't you know you shou'd never speak of patience in my father's

company? 'Tis like complimenting a man upon his wife, after he is divorc'd from her.

Tem. Hussey, is your wit so unmanageable, that it runs foul of your father?—Hark'ye, child, a word in your ear—

Emily. Nothing else, I hope—but indeed, Sir, I am half afraid of you.

Tem. And well you may, you little slut, for you deserve—I'll tell you what you deserve—a better husband than this David Dunce.—Mind now! (but this is a secret) I don't quite insist upon your liking him as well as Harry Woodville. (*Aside.*)

Emily. No, sir, that would be to debar me from the use of eyes, ears, and understanding.

Tem. And hark 'ye!—If you give him a smooth answer, and a civil passport into Monmouthshire, I am not sure, provided you are very penitent and beg hard, but I shall find in my heart to forgive you. [*Aside—and Exit*, L.H.

Sir D. O Jubilate! I'm glad to my heart he is gone. Never did I hear such a roysterer in my days. What! does he take me for one of his black negro-slaves in Africa? Have not I danc'd attendance long enough upon his humours, follow'd him like his shadow, laugh'd at his jokes, echo'd his opinions, put up with his swearing, and been as mute as a fish whilst he rated at the servants? and now to fall upon me like a cat o'mountain on a harmless kid!—Oh! if it was not for you, Miss Emily, if my love for you did not keep me cool and calm, I would shew him a little of the spirit of the Daws: I should

be as hot and snappish as himself—But you don't listen to me, I'm afraid.

Emily. What can this whisper mean? He has had a stranger with him—a coarse, clownish man—but that can argue nothing—Henry he has not seen— (*Aside.*)

Sir D. Will you not let me speak to you?

Emily. Oh! yes, for ever: talk without stint or measure; only let me meditate the whilst: my thoughts won't interrupt you, nor your discourse my thoughts.

Sir D. (*Sits down.*) I should hope, lovely charmer—

Emily. Lovely what? (*Sits down.*)

Sir D. Lovely charmer was my expression.

Emily. Oh! very well: it's all the same. Go on!

Sir D. I should hope, lovely Miss Emily Tempest, (for I won't say charmer) after the long attendance I have paid, and the proofs I have given of my patience as well as of my passion, that I have now waited the full time, which young ladies usually require to make up their minds whether to say Aye or No to a plain proposal.

Emily. What proposal do you allude to?

Sir D. Surely you can't ask that question seriously at this time o'day; surely you must know that I mean a proposal of marriage.

Emily. Right! very true—I recollect you propos'd to marry me—Well! what would you do with me when you had got me?

Sir D. Lud-a-mercy! well; what would I do

with you? That's comical, i'faith—why, in the first place I'd whisk you down to the castle—

Emily. Whisk me down to the castle—

Sir D. To be sure I wou'd, for why? things are all at sixes and sevens for want of me: nothing like a master's eye; a gentleman, who trusts to servants in his absence, is sure to be cut up.

Emily. Cut up! what's that?

Sir D. Why, 'tis a common phrase—

Emily. With the slaughterers of Clare-market—but let it pass.—What am I to be done with then?

Sir D. Oh! as for that, we shall soon set things upon their right bottom again, and then we will be as happy and as merry as the day is long.

Emily. Hold there! I never bargain'd to be happy: you may as well teach the towers of your castle to dance, as me to be merry.

Sir D. Why, what should hinder you, when every thing, that money can command, shall be purchas'd to content you? But I'm afraid, Miss Emily, there is a little double-dealing in this business: I suspect your heart inclines to Captain Woodville; and now he is come to England, I suppose I am likely to be cut out.

Emily Poor man! what between cutting up and cutting out, how you will be mangled! Wouldn't it be better to live single in a whole skin, than marry and be butcher'd in so barbarous a manner?

Sir D. I don't know but it might—I won't say

but it may be so—if I'm not agreeable to one, I may be agreeable to another—rich folks need not go a-begging—If Captain Woodville is the man, why then perhaps I don't covet to be the master —if Captain Woodville—Hush! who's coming?

Enter HENRY WOODVILLE, L.H.

Emily. Henry!

Sir D. Oh Lord! my death warrant.

(*Aside.—Rises.*)

Hen. Well may you be surpris'd to see me here, and your wonder will be increas'd when I tell you that I have your father's privilege for my intrusion; but if you and this gentleman, whom I understand to be Sir David Daw, are upon business of consequence, I retire upon the word.

Sir D. A very civil person, I must say.

Emily. Sir David, was the business we were upon of any consequence?

Sir D. To me of most immediate; how did you consider it, I pray?

Emily. As I do every other harmless common talk; very entertaining whilst it lasts, very soon forgot when it is over; but this gentleman has conversation of a sort that is apt to drive all other out of my recollection.

Hen. Oh Emily, Emily! for Heaven's sake—

Emily. Hold your tongue.

Sir D. Nay, madam, the gentleman seems to understand himself very properly; but I must think that you, Miss Emily, considering who I

am, and how I came here, do not understand me quite so properly ; and I must say—

Hen. What must you say ? Not a single word to this lady that in the slightest degree borders on disrespect: and now, with that caution for your government, let me hear what it is you must say—

Sir D. Nay, nothing more ; I think I've said enough—Your very humble servant. [*Exit*, R.H.

Hen. This absolute repulse of your rich suitor flatters but frightens me. What will your father say ? whilst I am wholly in the fault, you will bear all the blame.

Emily. If I am never blam'd but for your faults—

> " *Why let the stricken deer go weep,*
> " *The hart ungalled play.*"—

Hen. Can you account for his indulgence ?

Emily. Can you expound the changes of the moon ? Can you explain why, when all other female hearts are fickle, mine alone is fixt ?

Hen. Ought I to suffer that ? honour should teach me to avoid your presence.

Emily. Yes ; but if you practice that honour upon me, I never will forgive you. Come down from these high flights, if you please, and walk upon your feet, as other men do. If you are alarm'd at being poor, I'll marry that money-bag, and enrich you with the pillage of it :—will that be honourable ? No, no ! most execrable meanness ; therefore away with it ! Spinster as I am,

I may struggle on to a good old age and give offence to nobody; but a wife, without a heart to bestow upon her husband, is a cheat and an impostor.

Hen. Oh! cruel, cruel fortune, why was it my lot to be the son of a gamester?

Emily. Rather say why was it not my lot to be the heiress of Penruddock, instead of that old fusty philosopher, who, when he and the spiders have stood centinels over his coffers, till watching and fasting have worn him to a skeleton, will sink into the grave, and leave his wealth to be bestow'd in premiums for discoveries in the moon.

Hen. Come, come, take care how you fall into the same trap as I did: we must suspend opinions of Penruddock.

Emily. Must we? Nay, now I swear there's something in your thoughts; aye, and my father too looks wise and whispers: well, if you have a secret, and won't tell it me, be it at your peril! I'll keep mine as close as you keep yours.

Hen. I'll compromise with you, and exchange confessions.—Answer me this, If Fortune should turn round and smile upon your poor disconsolate admirer, will you, who sway each movement of my heart, inspire its hopes, allay its fears, animate its ambition, and engross its love? —Will you, Oh Emily—

Emily. Will I do what?

Hen. I dare not ask the question—'tis presumptuous, base, dishonourable—

Emily. And very disappointing, let me tell

you, to one whose answer was so ready.—Henceforth I've done with you; I shall now retreat into the citadel and stand upon my defences: when you want another parley, you must treat with the Governor. [*Exeunt*, L.H.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber.*

PENRUDDOCK, L.H. WEAZEL, R.H. *discovered.*

Pen. Thus then it stands—This house, and all that its voluptuous owner had amass'd within it, we doom to instant sale; some modern Lucullus will be found to purchase it: the mourners in black, and the mountebanks in their party-coloured jackets, must be paid their wages and dismiss'd.—So far we are agreed.

Wea. Perfectly, sir; and if any young heir is in haste to be rid of his estate, these are the gentlemen that will soonest help him to the end of it.

Pen. Mrs. Woodville's settlement, which in her husband's desperate necessity she had as desperately resign'd to him, is now made over, and secured in trust to her sole use and benefit.

Wea. The deed is now in hand, and a deed it is, permit me to say, that will make your fame resound to all posterity.

Pen. Thank Heaven, I shall not hear it! The fame I covet blows no trumpet in my ears; it whispers peace and comfort to my heart.—The obligations, bonds, and mortgages, of whatever description, covering the whole of Woodville's property, are consign'd to Henry his son.

Wea. They are, and give him clear possession of his paternal estate.

Pen. 'Tis what I mean, and also of the house in town.

Wea. They are effectual to both purposes; and take it how you will, good sir, I must and will pronounce it a most noble benefaction.

Pen. In this particular I'll not decline your praise; for doing this I've struggled hard against an evil spirit that had seiz'd dominion of my heart, and triumph'd over my benevolence—this conquest I may glory in.

Wea. There yet remains, of solid and original estate, possessions to a great amount.

Pen. Them I shall husband as untainted stock: I do not cut into the heart of the tree, I only lop off the excrescences and funguses, that weaken'd and disgrac'd it. Now, sir, if these points are clearly understood by you, and no difficulties occur that require explanation, we will separate, with your leave, to our respective occupations.

Wea. Your pardon for one moment—My profession is the law: It has been my lot to execute many honourable and benevolent commissions; some, I confess, have fallen into my hands, that have put my conscience to a little strain, though

a man of my sort must not start at trifles; but the instructions you have now honoured me with exceed all I have ever handled, all I have heard of; and when this charitable deed shall come to be register'd in the Upper Court, I hope my name as witness will go along with it; and if the joy with which I sign'd it be remember'd in my favour, I fancy few attornies will stand a better chance than Timothy Weazel. [*Exit*, R.H.

Pen. 'Tis done! the last bad passion in my breast is now expell'd, and it no longer rankles with revenge: in the retirement of my cottage I shall have something in store, on which my thoughts may feed with pleasing retrospection: courted by affluence, I resort to solitude by choice, not fly to it for refuge from misfortune and disgust. Now I can say, as I contemplate Nature's bold and frowning face—"Knit not your brows at me; I've done the world no wrong." —Or if I turn the moral page, conscious of having triumph'd in my turn, I can reply to Plato, —"I too am a philosopher."

Enter JENKINS, R.H.

Jen. Mrs. Woodville desires leave to wait upon you.

Pen. Am I a Philosopher now? (*Aside.*)—Admit the lady.—[*Exit Jenkins*, R.H.]—Where is my boasted courage? Oh! that this task was over.

Enter MRS. WOODVILLE, R.H.

Your servant, madam.

Mrs. W. If you are not as totally revers'd in nature as you are rais'd in fortune, I shall not repent of having hazarded a step so humbling to my sex, so agonizing to my feelings; for I am sure it was not in your heart, when I partook of it, to treat a guiltless woman with contempt, or wreak unmanly vengeance on your worst of enemies, when fallen at your feet.—Shall I proceed, or pause? Give me the sign; I urge you not to answer.—Ah, sir! you are greatly agitated. Let me retire.

Pen. Pray do not leave me. Did you know what struggles I have surmounted, you would say I perform wonders.—I could not write to you, judge what it is to see you.

Mrs. W. I thought that these emotions had subsided, and that solitude and study had made you a philosopher.

Pen. Ah, madam! you see what a philosopher I am. Arabella, you never knew me rightly. I had a heart for friendship and for love; I was betray'd by one, and ruin'd in the other.

Mrs. W. You have been deeply injur'd, I must own: I too have been to blame, but I was young and credulous, and caught with glittering snares.

Pen. Aye, snares they have been: fatal ones, alas!

Mrs. W. I have liv'd in dissipation, you in calm retirement; how peacefully your hours have pass'd, how unquietly mine! One only solace cheer'd my sad heart—my Henry, my son.

Pen. I've seen him; I've convers'd with him: he spoke unguardedly, but disappointment sours

the mind; he treated me unjustly—but he resembles you, and I forgave him.

Mrs. W. If you are thus retentive of affection, I must suppose you are no less so of resentment; why then should I repeat my sorrows? You know them.

Pen. I know them; I have felt them; I have redress'd them.

Mrs. W. Redress'd them! What is it I hear?

Pen. What I have done I have done; I cannot talk of benefits.

Mrs. W. Oh! sir—

Pen. Nor will I hear acknowledgments. You would have sunk—I could not choose but save you.

Enter HENRY, R.H.

Hen. You must forgive me. Though your servants were drawn up to oppose my entrance, I broke through all their files, forc'd on by gratitude that nothing could withstand, till I beheld my benefactor.

Pen. Not much of a benefactor; I have only restor'd to you what my conscience could not keep.

Mrs. W. In the name of goodness, what is it you have done?

Pen. Nothing, but wanted stomach for a banquet where your son was serv'd up;—in plainer words, prefer'd my own cottage to his country house: Henry wanted a wife, a wife wanted a settlement, and I stood in need of neither.—I hope you and Tempest are agreed. (*To Hen.*)

Hen. A word from your lawyer silenced all objections.—If I have not felt the vicissitudes of fortune, who has?—from the depth of despair, lifted on the instant to the summit of felicity.—Oh! my dear mother, help me to some words that may express my gratitude.

Pen. No, no, she is mute by compromise: when I am quietly retiring from the stage of this vain world, call me not back to lose the little grace that I have gain'd; I would not be made a spectacle in my decline and dotage.

Mrs. W. Will you again sequester yourself, and renounce the society even of your most grateful friends?

Pen. Madam, I have yet perused but half the history of man; the pages are alternate, dark, and bright; I have read the former only: let Henry's virtues stand the test, and I have all the pleasurable study still to come.

Hen. But how shall I abide the trial, if you only furnish the temptation, and withhold the precept that should teach me to resist it? What if my virtue be hard press'd; where but to your cottage should I resort for armour to defend it?

Pen. What can you want of me? Go to your mother, drink at the fountain's head; look back upon your father, mark how the stream is sullied. Thus arm'd on each hand, I may say to you, in the words of Cato—

Your bane and antidote are both before you.

Enter TEMPEST *and* EMILY, R.H.

Tem. I have broke through all forms, worthy

sir, in bringing you a saucy girl, who will fancy she is privileg'd to pay her court to every generous character, that does honour to humanity, and is bountiful to her friends.

Pen. I confess to you, Mr. Tempest, I was ambitious to behold your fair daughter, but did not presume to expect the visit should spring with her.—I hope, madam, there is something here present more amusing to your eye-sight than a crabbed old clown, who happens to have a little more kindness at his heart than he carries in his countenace.

Emily. True generosity is above grimace; it is not always that the eye which pities is accompanied by the hand that bestows: some there are, who can smile without friendship, and weep without charity.

Pen. Certainly the world is a great polisher; it makes smooth faces and slippery friendships. —Are you, may I ask, very fond of this fine town?

Emily. My father lives in it; I should be loth to say I had a preference for any other.

Pen. I suppose, Mr. Tempest, you are one of the vainest men in England.

Tem. One of the happiest I am, and of your making; for Henry Woodville ever had my warmest wishes.

Pen. And I hope your lovely daughter meets those wishes with all dutiful compliance?

Tem. With the best grace in life; she does not object to take the man of her heart, though I wish to join their hands.

Mrs. W. Now, my Henry, you are without comparison the happiest, or without pity the most miserable of mankind; here if you fail in merit, you offend beyond the reach of mercy.

Pen. True, madam; but the sons of Cornelia did not disgrace their mother.

Tem. There again! that's something out of a book, like Emily's Agamemnon, and if it were treason I could not find it out.—But come, Henry! here, in the presence of your benefactor, I bestow upon you all I am worth—a virtuous daughter, the only joy and blessing of my life: money I have none, for I did not understand the arts of government; and when Emily is gone from me, I am without resources; for I cannot, like Mr. Penruddock, take shelter with the sciences; and as for the arts, damn me if I believe I have genius enough to aspire to the composition of a cabbage-net.

Emily. Oh! my dear father, let me conjure you to believe that these resources which my duty, my affection have hitherto supplied, shall be doubled to you in future, when I find so kind a partner in that pleasing task.

Hen. When you are not welcome to me, I must cease to be worthy of my Emily—If books do not serve for a resource, and ancient history is too remote, we can find heroes in modern times and you shall fight over your battles as often as you please.

Tem. That is very pleasant, I confess, for there I can come on a little: but then I grow warm with the subject, and Emily snubs me for

swearing; which you know, Mr. Penruddock, every soldier is privileg'd to do.

Pen. I did not know it was amongst their privileges; but this I know, they cannot, in my opinion, have too many; and heartily I wish they had more and better than what you have nam'd.

Enter SYDENHAM, R.H.

Syd. I must either have the impudence of the devil, or a veneration for your character, Mr. Penruddock, which apologizes for impudence, when I venture to appear in your presence, after what I foolishly said to you in our late conversation.

Pen. Mr. Sydenham, I cannot allow you to call that language foolish, which springs from a heart that runs over with benevolence: as well may you blaspheme the bounty of the Nile, because it breaks loose from its channel, and overflows its banks.

Syd. Thank you, my dear sir, thank you heartily; I have been as sour as crab-juice with the malice of mankind, now I am all oil and honey, and shall slip through the rest of my days in harmony and good humour.—Ah! Henry—Tempest—Emily—Mrs. Woodville—all smiling! —Why I am like the man in the almanack, turn which way I will, a happy constellation looks me in the face.

Pen. Now you have join'd us, our circle is complete.

Syd. Ah! no, no, no; whilst contrition asks admittance to atone for injuries, humanity can never shut its door, and say, My circle is complete. (*Aside to Pen.*)

Pen. What do you mean?

Syd. Woodville is in your house.

(*Aside to Penruddock.*)

Pen. Hah! Woodville! have you brought him hither? (*Aside.*)

Syd. No; we call'd at Tempest's, heard of your generous acts, and his poor wounded heart now melts with gratitude. Even my flint was soften'd.

Pen. Well then, it shall be so—keep this company together in my absence—such meetings should be private. [*Exit*, R.H.D.

Mrs. W. Oh! Sydenham, generous friend! I heard the name of Woodville, and I know your intercession points at him. Heaven prosper it! But can it be? I doubt, I doubt this injury is too deep.

Syd. Doubt nothing. I am confident of success—when the ice thaws, the river flows; so is it with the human charities, when melted by benevolence.

Hen. Oh! what a soul is thine! whose ardour even impossibilities can't check.

Emily. The attempt is bold; but mark if this is not amongst the impossibilities that sometimes come to pass.

Hen. Look, look! your angry lover—

Enter SIR DAVID DAW, R.H.

Emily. Alas! has this poor gentleman no friend to save him from exposing himself?

Syd. The Governor begins to bristle—walk aside, take no notice, and I'll accost him.—Now, my brave knight!

Why glows that angry spot upon your cheek?
What do those boots portend; and whither bound?

Sir D. Mr. Sydenham, I am just now in no humour for jesting; neither does my business lie with you.

Tem. With me then—what would my noble baronet be pleas'd to say? (*Crosses to* R.H.)

Sir D. I'm not pleas'd at all, Governor Tempest, and therefore it matters little what I say: I call'd at your door, and was directed to you hither, so I made free to step in; and now, to say truth, I don't care how soon I step out, for my chaise is in waiting, and I am equipped as you see, for my peremptory departure.

Tem. Let us part friends, however: if you can charge me fairly, do so! I'll not flinch.

Sir D. No, but you'll fly out, and that's worse.

Tem. Not I: carry no grievances with you into Wales; I'll be calm as water, say what you will.

Sir D. Oh! then I can say enough.—Did you not consent to my proposing for your daughter?

Tem. Why I did consent, I don't deny it; and if Emily had not objected to your proposals, I should not have quarrell'd with your property;

but I'm not such a Blue beard to deliver my daughter bound hands and feet into your castle. If you had not the gift of recommending yourself, am I to blame for that?

Sir D. Am I? Miss Emily can witness I took due pains.

Emily. Oh! yes; and let not my obstinacy discourage you, for be assur'd that half those pains, bestow'd upon a heart less constant to its first attachment, and more regardful of its worldly interests, will command success, whenever you think fit to repeat the experiment.

Tem. There—there—what more is to be said?—you see how the case stands: I had no absolute controul over my daughter's affections, and somebody else had.

Sir D. Well, sir, I understand you now; and if you are only Governor abroad, and not at home, I am your very humble servant.

[*Exit*, R.H.

Tem. Well—your humble servant, if you come to that; and a good journey to you—aye, and a good riddance to boot. Isn't it so, my Emily? What does that David think

"I wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For *Daws* to peck at?" (*Crosses to* L.H.)

Enter PENRUDDOCK, *followed by* WOODVILLE, R.H.D.

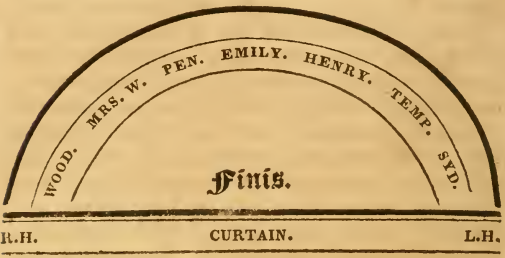
Pen. (*Crosses to Mrs. W.*) Mrs. Woodville, your husband and I have concurr'd in opinion that the only way of adjusting such differences

as subsisted between us, is by consigning them at once to oblivion, trusting that you and Henry will also do the same by those errors, which now are fortunately heal'd, and can never be repeated. (*Puts her over to Wood.*)

Wood. Humbled as I am in conscience, and overwhelm'd by generosity, I am ill able to find words for what, in circumstances like mine, I ought to say to each here present in particular, and all in general. Wherever I direct my eyes, they are saluted with a countenance, which, tho' entitled to reproach me, seems to hold forth promises of pardon: but perhaps, even from guilt like mine, some good may be extracted, and my son, when he shall be blest with a wife, lovely and virtuous as his mother, will recollect the follies of his father, and avoid his fate.

Pen. Here we conclude.—We all have cause of thankfulness, but I the most; for I've escaped the perils of prosperity: the sudden onset stagger'd me: but temperate recollection, and the warning calls of some here present, taught me to know, that the true use of riches is to share them with the worthy; and the sole remedy for injuries, to forgive them.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



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